WAR CRY

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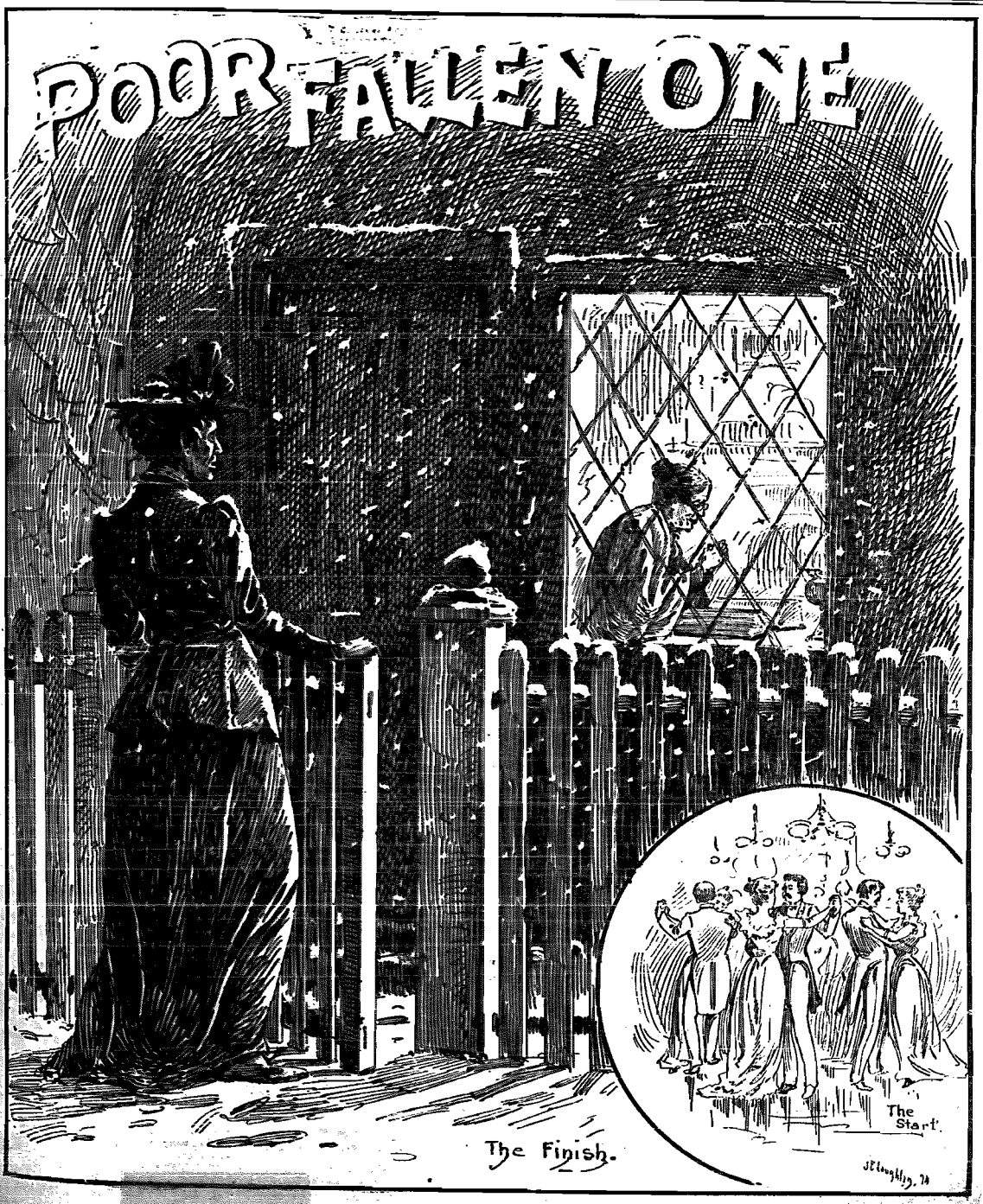


SEE PAGE 4.

Full Salvation !

"THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST."

New Light on an Old Theory.

BY PROFESSOR MUDD, F.L.S.

THE miraculous changes, rejuvenations, evolutions and developments unto perfection, which I have witnessed during my ten years' contact with the Salvation Army, have often interlaced my thoughts when studing the past history of the vegetable kingdom. The sight of a man being suddenly stopped on his headlong downward rush to eternal death, and set on the upmarch to eternal life, is more wonderful that the natural prevention of a species from becoming extinct. A home once bright and filled with plenty, now cursed and blighted with sin and poverty, is a sure instance of degeneracy, which, unless some hand checks the downward tendency, must end in eternal ruin. I have seen such homes brought under the influence of the magic word *Jesus*, and development unto perfection has immediately set in. *Adaptation to circumstances* has been the principle which has enabled certain forms, plants, and animals to survive all the wonderful changes the face of this earth has had to pass through. *Salvation* by *Jesus* has, and is, the only principle which will enable poor humanity to survive the storms of life, and become the *fittest* to live on after death.

From the carboniferous, to the end of the glacial period of this world's existence, the veretable kingdom had to fight for its very life against the changes and alteration of surrounding conditions. Whole flora and vast continents of vegetation were swept away or entirely *submerged* during the fearful ages when the icy regions of the poles were broken loose, and sent sweeping as mountains of ice over the face of the earth. Surroundings and circumstances changed, creation often seemed upset, the struggle for existence became fiercer every age, and yet some families of plants held their ground, managed to survive, and now, after ages of struggling and battling with the elements, are clothing the world with their beauty and helping with their usefulness.

A GRIZZLY GIANT OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

From the earliest ages, up to the ushering in of the destructive glacial period, the vegetable kingdom had gone on increasing in number and beauty. Some particular types had survived all changes and blended their towering forms with the grandest flora this world has ever possessed, during what is known by geologists as the Pliocene period. This era of plant history is analagous to the Cæsarean age or that part of human history just prior to the coming of Jesus. Plant life had, unaided by man, reached its zenith, and then commenced the greatest and most destructive series of devastating influences yet encountered. During this, the glacial period, millions of plants perished, while some survived. We say the fittest survived, but the fact is not quite so apparent. There is a family of trees called Sequoia. According to recent discoveries, the remains of these trees have been found in strata going back to the early Mesozoic periods. All over the world the tree has been found in a fossilized state. Even here in Australia, where it does not possess even a relative in the present indigenous flora, it used to exist in great quantities, as evidenced in its extinct remains in the Eocine formations. This Sequoia was once cosmopolitan, and constituted immense forests in all quarters of the globe. Change after change took place, fight upon fight, natural revolutions, alterations of land, earthquakes, eruptions, upheavals, and submergings of continents, failed to prevent the spread of this wonderful tree. But the chilling, icy influences of glacial grindings and denudations proved too much for its hitherto strong, adaptive powers, and, after driving it from islands and continents, managed to completely annihilate every form of the Sequoias with the exception of a few trees, which had found shelter in California; and there, in the Yosemite Valley, when the glacial period had passed away, it still reared its towering stem, the tallest in the world.

YOSEMITE FALLS.

From being cosmopolitan in its distribution, and reigning as monarch over innumerable primeval forests, here was this Sequoi, still the largest tree to be found, limited to one isolated district. Conditions were still against it, for what the elements had failed to accomplish—its entire extinction—the Indians, and now the white man, with fire and axe, were soon the point of seeing fulfilled. But a Social Winger comes upon the scene; the unique and ancient appearance of the tree takes his eye. He is determined to preserve it, to bring out its beauty, and to save it from annihilation by sending its seeds to London nurserymen, with a glowing account of its value. The seed is germinated, the plants are grown and distributed, men are struck with their beauty, and right up to the present day the tree is being spread and planted in all parts of the earth, and now flourishes by the hand of man in many a clime where it had become extinct.

Thousands of years had witnessed the rise and progress of nations. Human efforts had culminated in three centres—Rome, the seat of power; Athens, of learning; and Jerusalem, of religion. Each had reached its zenith. The love of conquests and power had borne the Romans on to earthly glory, and enabled them to conquer the then known world. Out of this very attainment was evolved the national disregard of life and love of shedding blood, which set the whole empire on a downward, degenerating career. Philosophy and the rage for posing as "thinkers," caused the Grecians to develop every form of art and beauty to such an extent, that effminacy, lasciviousness, and outward display became the national trait, and rapidly, in the greatest of immorality, wrecked a marvellous nation.

At Jerusalem, the worship of the true God had become an intricate and inexplicable multiplicity of rites, ceremonies, ablutions and sacrifices. Selfishness, lust, greed, and immorality were wrecking and dashing to pieces the wonderfully humanly-built centres of power, learning, and religion. The torrents and avalanches of war, revolutions, murders, assassinations and conflagrations were at work, and carrying in every direction, devastation, disease, misery, and death. The human glacial period had set in, the whole world seemed to be groaning under its weight, and the human family bade fair to be cast back into the age of barbarism, if not annihilation. But in the midst of this decay, and tottering of nations, a Rescuer comes upon the scene—a Light appears in the darkness. On a hill just outside Jerusalem, a wooden cross, with its bleeding Victim, is lifted up, and a cry is sent ringing round the world amongst the declining members of the human race—"Look and live!" On a hill at Athens, this same Victim is held up to the degenerate philosophers, and at Rome, amidst all the fearful scenes of bloodshed, conflagration and martyrdom, the cross and its Victim stand erects, and call on all to "Look and live!" On, on it goes, held up by firm, willing and bold hands, carrying life wherever it is seen. The devastating and annihilating agencies of selfishness and lust fall down on its onward march, and a declining and degenerating race is arrested on its downward rush, and set on the highway of life. The cross and its Victim endue all who look with a surviving and fitting nature. All who embrace this principle are bound to survive; we have all individually to face the great glacial period of destruction—the cold and icy waters of death's river. Who will survive the awful storms of death? The fittest will survive. The Salvationist survives now—he will survive then, and glory to God! he will survive throughout the endless ages of eternity, because he has been made to fit to reign with Jesus.

From the cradle to the coffin, life is a struggle in which the majority go under. Most people lead unhappy lives. My experience of men, from the Prince of Wales down to the gutter boy and gaol-bird, has taught me that, with the bulk of humanity, life is an unsatisfactory concern. Joy, sorrow; health, sickness; rest, weariness; brightness, sadness; riches, poverty; plenty, starvation and death form the periodic and historical phases of life. Many have to face and fight all these changes; some survive them all, whilst others become submerged. The great end and aim of life is to be happy—to live, not merely to exist. Some men are so blessed with good surroundings, that it is an easy matter for them to fight whatever storms arise; but the majority to survive them must have help from without, they cannot in themselves survive. Like the Sequoia tree, unless some unseen Hand comes to the rescue, they will perish. Not of the fittest in themselves, they must be made fit. Our Social Wing is making thousands fit to survive. Men who, like the tree, have been driven back and back, deeper and deeper, until all hope was gone, are being resuscitated, revived, and regenerated. Our Army is the greatest "fittest" making factory extant, and in time to come, will prevent the social and spiritual annihilation of millions.

I know a man who once bravely fought the "battle of life." Things and circumstances went against him, men who were were once his helpers in the struggle to live now knew him not. The storms of adversity blew upon his poor soul, shipwrecked his life, and he was just upon the point of being entirely submerged, when a Salvationist caught sight of him, pulled him up, and got him fixed on the Rock of Ages, where he is now *surviving*, because he has been rendered a "fittest" by Jesus.

Another case which comes to mind, is that of a man who, when a mere lad, had a real, loving soul within him—a soul which not only kept him alive, but made his life happy and bright. Contact with a cold and almost soulless world, froze up the warm soul within him, and eventually indifference and formalism submerged it to such an extent, that he hardly knew whether he had a soul or not. A strong Salvationist took hold of this covering of formalism, tore it on one side, and let the melting heat of the Sun of Righteousness into the cold, dark region, with the result that his soul revived, and now survives, because it has been made fit to live for eternity.

MIRROR LAKE, YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Thousands of instances like these might be given to show the individual aspect of the "Survival of the Fittest" in this life. But there is the change of changes coming. My soul wants to be happy, and live on for ever and ever. The waves and storms of life arise, social earthquakes and eruptions take place. The glacial period of religious formalism and indifferentism benumbs my soul; sickness and trouble assail me, and yet it is possible for me to survive, to live on and be happy, because I I can have a power in Jesus capable of enabling me to withstand all, and when the last great storm takes place, when the cold, icy waters of Jordan roll over my soul, it will still survive, for Jesus will be my sheltering Rock, and will carry me on to the shores of that bright world, where death, decay, and struggles are unknown.

A Marvellous Success has been Achieved in Holland in the Social Work.

In an interview with Mrs. Colonel Oliphant, the following occurred:—

"To what do you especially attribute your speedy Social success?" we asked, wondering if the reply would be "methods," "novelty," or "recognized need." Our heart warmed when the answer came readily—

"Our exceeding care for spiritual results. We do not let the Social needs or financial consideration take us away from that one great aim. My husband examines closely into everything when he visits the various parts of the Social work, but his first great question is always, '*Are you getting souls saved?*' I put our success down to that."

DR. KEELEY ON CIGARETTE SMOKING.

The cigarette habit, so-called, has become so prevalent in the last few years that in all cities you are confronted by them in the mouths of men and boys, ranging from the bank clerk to the boot black. Too much cannot be said against this soul-sapping, body-demoralizing abomination of to-day. The make-up and contents of the cigarette generally found in the market and smoked by all classes who "affect" them to-day, is that of unripe or imperfectly-prepared tobacco. This tobacco is usually soaked in nicotine, which is largely impregnated with opium, stramonium and belladonna. The wrapper of each cigarette is generally rice-paper, whitened with arsenic. It will readily be seen, therefore, that the main evil of cigarette smoking arises from the inhalation of carbon-monoxide, which is extremely poisonous on account of its strong affinity for the hæmoglobin of the blood, which brings about cardiac inhibition and heart-failure. Every day the papers are filled with with some story of death by heart-failure from the excessive use of cigarettes, and sixteen of the United States, by legislative action, have prohibited their use among boys for this reason. It is the duty of every family physican to explain to those over whose health he has supervision the evil consequences of the use of cigarettes, and it ought to be the duty of the secular and religious press to denounce their use at every opportunity, as in every case they bring about a necessary desire for either opium or alcoholic drinks.

"LITTLE DROPS."

Little drops of porter, little sips of stout,
Make the breathing shorter, and will add the gout;
And these slight derangements (trifling though they be)
Prompt on other ailments, or some malady.
Little drops of liquor, little sips of ale;
Pulses beating quicker, faces grim and pale;
Mixtures alcoholic, be they what you please,
Will increase a colic, or a heart disease.
Little drops of Burton, little sips of wine,
Are a sure and certain health-destroying sign.
Little drops of Allsopp, little drops of Bass,
Take away the senses, and make a man an ass.

A FEW WORDS

— OF —

Practical Advice.

The following are a few lines that I felt led to write to a candidate as a few leaves out of the book of my experience. Perhaps they may be of use to other intending candidates for the work:

Take a word of advice from one whom God has enabled to weather the storms of life thus far. Preserve simplicity, especially that simple child-like faith in God and His Gospel. Allow no one to shipwreck your faith. Lean on no one, accept that which is good, and refuse the evil. Do not believe all you hear; listen when compelled to by circumstances, but sum it all up in your own mind; that which rests upon known facts to yourself accept, throw the other away as rubbish. Do not allow the influence of another to tempt you to participate in that which to yourself is doubtful. Reprove sin in comrade or sinner, never mind people's opinions; swear to your own hurt, if necessary. Reprove not an elder, let God attend to that; obey those over you in the Lord, but not when it effects a question of conscience; be careful, however, that feelings are not confounded and misplaced as conscience. If you are in doubt, pray much; do wrong at nobody's behest. Remember, the soul that sinneth dies to holiness and the favor of God, whether he be leader, follower, or sinner. Be prepared to go through tunnels, not only of adversity and hardship, but through, if necessary, seas of misrepresentation, misunderstanding and slander, even when caused through comrades, or fellow-Christians. As long as your soul is pure and clean go straight ahead, the Lord will in due time, if we faint not, bring forth the righteousness of His own servant as the noon-day. Be willing to learn, reckon yourself as a dunce rather than that you should always be tumbling down from heights of self-confidence.

Keep your eye open; pick up incidents from real life, and use them; let story, incident books, and sermons alone, unless it be some real straight holiness sermons; these you can gather light from, and get a good straight hit at yourself. Go in for a ready use of your Bible, plenty of knee-drill, and actual contact with life; be fresh all the while. Do not hang on too long to amusing incidents and pet sermons; keep yourself fresh.

Be not above confessing your sin and backslidings if such be the case, otherwise you will be hurled from the bar of God to the nethermost hell if sin is upon your garments when you face the bar.

Do not hunt for sorrow; let the joy of the Lord be your strength; remember that the worldling is really at heart miserable, and nothing is more effective than this weapon, coupled with a holy life, to convict and bring to the Saviour him who knoweth not the Lord.

Beware of sanctimony; be natural. Don't ape other men, let your own individuality assert itself.

Do not look for promotion; that is, be disappointed if it does not come. Let the Lord arrange that. He can and does move through the counsels of men, and if they direct that you should go up, look to God for necessary wisdom. If they want you to go down, say Hallelujah, and praise God for the position that you do occupy, remembering that the lowest place in the service of the Lord is coveted by the angels.

Do not be discouraged at any command that you may have. If you do not stick, perhaps this will mean the desertion of not a few from the ranks of the Lord. Remember that thy bread and water is sure, but at times it will be necessary to be gifted with the gumption and grace of begging to get other things, but God has always helped those who helped themselves; so when you run short, go ahead; ask and ye shall receive.

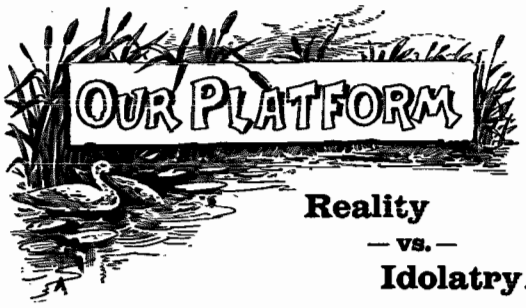
Keep your soul pure and God will breathe upon you and play upon the strings of your heart, and bring forth in your life melody that shall enrich the world, and, I trust, rob the devil of many of his dupes, which will fill heaven with joy.

Yours serving with delight under the blood-and-fire flag,

ADJUTANT FRED. T. MILLER.

Editorial Pen Point.

The Salvation Army has numerous projects before it. It is far-seeing in its management. It is in advance of any other religious organisation in meeting the spiritual and temporal needs of the people.—*British Whig*, Kingston, 30/3/94.



Reality — vs. — Idolatry.

BY MRS. MAJOR READ.

We shall take for our lesson this morning dear friends, verses 29 and 30 of I. Kings, chapter xviii.:

"*And it came to pass when mid-day was past and they prophesied until the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice that there was neither voice nor any to answer nor any that regarded.*

"*And Elijah said unto all the people, come near unto me, and all the people came near unto him, and he repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down.*"

This chapter describes one of the most pathetically striking pictures of the ultimate triumph of truth over error that we have in God's Word. I pray that the Holy Spirit may paint it graphically upon your hearts with all the important lessons it teaches, one or two of which we shall speak of.

Try for a moment and imagine this brave, aged warrior standing fearlessly in the midst of an unbelieving crowd of idol-worshippers. It seems to me that I can almost see his resolute though care-worn face, every line indicating the conflict that was doubtless raging within his own soul; his grey hair tossed by the evening breeze, his mantle flung aside while he performs with his own hand the services preparatory to the great visible victory before him.

There he stands all alone as he says in verse 21: "I, even, I only remain a prophet of the Lord." Strong in the conscious power that has been given him in the hours of communion with his God as he has watched by Cherith and received daily, not only provision for his body, but heavenly food for the strengthening of his soul. He has challenged the mighty forces against him to prove all the power of their sun-god, strong in the confidence that his God—the God of Abraham—would prove Himself omnipotent.

Every Bible reader will understand the terrible condition of Israel at the time our lesson opens. You will remember that its king, Ahab, had not only gone to a foreign country and married a heathen wife, but he had done "more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the kings of Israel before him," and consequently the whole nation had lapsed into idolatry.

Jehovah's wrath had been kindled against a people that so persistently and openly rebelled against His authority and deliberately set up its own idols of worship. His indignation was poured out as he saw the desolation and corruption, and His ear was open to the one man whose heart was true to his God, and in answer to Elijah's prayer the heavens had refused to open their flood gates for three years, and a state of drought had reduced the land to poverty and distress.

Even this had not brought repentance, for from the king's palace to the shepherd's hut all were still in rebellion towards God.

Our lesson tells us of the day of test that has arrived. The prophet of the Lord has courageously taken his stand for the truth. Numbers are nothing to him, for are not the fields parched for rain, the flocks perishing in the stalls, the people dying in the home?

A decision must be made. The people must have a final opportunity. If the Lord be God they must choose Him.

The enemy has the first chance. He can choose the best if he likes. Time is given him to prove his God-head or reality. But the offering is not consumed. The penance is not noticed. Their God has gone on a journey. He sleeps! He's talking! Something is the matter! He cannot stand the test! He is false! He disappoints! He regards not the petition! He comes not though called by 800 voices! Why? BECAUSE HE IS NOT.

Mark the difference.

"And Elijah said come near unto me. . . . and he repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down." He gathered up the old materials, or found new; he brought the wood; he placed the sacrifice upon it; the water ran round the trenches; his motive was pure; he wanted to magnify his heavenly King, "*that this people may know that Thou art the Lord God*," he pleads. That was his supreme desire.

You know, dear friends, the consequence. The conditions being complied with, the fire came. The sacrifice was answered, the wood was burned up, the stone smouldered to powder, the water was licked up,

And the People were Convinced.

The air was filled with their cry, "The Lord, He is God! The Lord, He is God!" What convinced them? I answer in one word, which I should like to ring throughout the wide universe—

Reality! Reality! Reality!

Can you not draw a parallel picture to-day? What is wearing out the faithful warrior of the Cross? What is it presses his spirit and tries his faith in his God, crippling his power over the sinner? The spiritual drought among God's professed people—the Israelites of to-day. Is not the Christian world, to a great extent, dry, barren, and unfruitful, not because there is no preaching, no teaching, no college, no missionary, no Salvation Army; but because of the idolatry of God's people.

You are shocked at the statement, but it is a true one. Look about you. Do you expect India to be saved while England sends idols and wine with her Bibles and missionaries? Do you think China will be won to God while the leading Empire of the world—Britain—sanctions her opium trade? Do you imagine Canada and America will ever be converted while their cities are partially sustained by the "price of blood," from her saloons and houses of sin? No, no, a thousand times no! Do you fancy that the children will be saved while their father bows down to the God of money, business, and the world first, and mother to fashion and society's claims? Never! While those who profess the name of the Christ go after "other gods," famine will be the inevitable.

Restore ye the former days, the years that the locust of self has eaten, the canker worm of pride has destroyed, the palmer worm of indifference has wasted.

Build up the altars of the Lord! Worship Him again in simplicity and truth, and the beauty of holiness; put away your formality and coldness; don't be afraid to sing His praises and speak His name.

Build again your altar of family prayer, and honor the Lord in the home—"first at Jerusalem"—is the command.

Do you say it is only for the chosen few? God's Word is full of convincing testimony that each Christ-follower is responsible; that not only leaders, but people are a "royal priesthood," that there is no difference, all are one in Christ Jesus. There is no bond or free, male or female, but all, according as they have opportunity, are equally responsible.

Therefore, set up the place of sacrifice and lay your offering upon it. Come up to God's conditions this morning; if you will the God of fire will answer. Hallelujah! The offering will be acceptable. I know it is a struggle for you to do this.

The rubbish of the old altar is in the way, but gather it up; the stones of neglected opportunity; the waters of unrecieved blessing, lost through your unfaithfulness. Bring all the tithes and prove Him. Then your life will be one of victory; then the heathen shall know that He is God when He shall be sanctified in you before their eyes; then people will fall at the penitent form and the communion rail and cry for mercy; then the children will be saved for they want to love Jesus.

A pleasure-seeking multitude are hungering for a reality as they waste their substance in chasing a bubble. The infidel and agnostic is searching for truth. They may not believe in your Christ, but the unguessyable power of a consecrated life will make them believe in you and through you in Him and His power. Nothing else will convince them; argument, reason—nothing but reality.

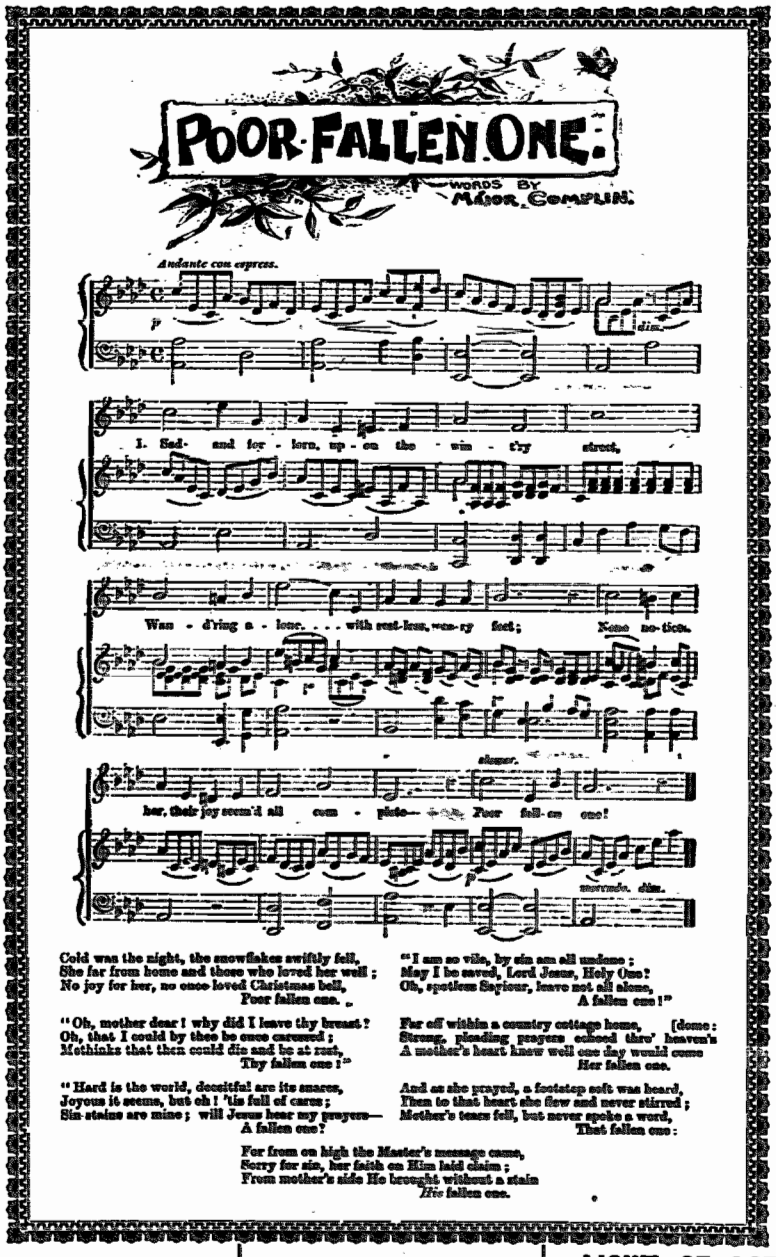
The poor are perishing for this too; the drunkard is dying in debauchery and rags for the need of it; the millions of earth's dark corners stretch eager hands, and gaze wistfully to a Bible-enlightened people, crying, "Come and help us!"

Let us then have a renouncing of idols, a confessing of sin, a real definite giving up to the Lord in this meeting, and the God of fire will come with all His quickening power. The parched field will become fruitful, the dry places a river of grace; a revival will break out in the spiritual desert.

Oh, I feel it! I can see the cloud upon the horizon—small, 'tis true, but its conviction is breaking the hearts of those who have been convinced by the searching truth. And I am confident it will burst in ten thousand blessings.

Come up to the standard, dear halting soul. May God help you!

THE life of God in man has no second childhood, no declining period, but manhood in endless progression.—PORTER.



Cold was the night, the snowflakes swiftly fell,
She far from home and those who loved her well;
No joy for her, no once-loved Christmas bell,
Poor fallen one.

"Oh, mother dear! why did I leave thy breast?
Oh, that I could by thee be once caressed;
Methinks that then could die and be at rest,
Thy fallen one!"

"Hard is the world, deceitful are its snares,
Joyous it seems, but oh! 'tis full of cares;
Sin-stains are mine; will Jesus hear my prayers—
A fallen one?

"I am so vile, by sin am all undone;
May I be saved, Lord Jesus, Holy One?
Oh, spotless Saviour, leave not all alone,
A fallen one!"

Far off within a country cottage home, [dome:
Strong, pleading prayers echoed thro' heaven's
A mother's heart knew well one day would come
Her fallen one.

And as she prayed, a footstep soft was heard,
Then to that heart she flew and never stirred;
Mother's tears fell, but never spoke a word,
That fallen one:

For from on high the Master's message came,
Sorry for sin, her faith on Him laid claim;
From mother's side He brought without a stain
His fallen one.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

WINDSOR, N.S.—I have been thinking to-day of my past life, and the life that I am now living.

I have been in the Army eight years, excepting three months. Four years ago, when I got wrong in my soul, I didn't go into sin to the excess that I did before, but I felt my lost estate more. Since then, I have grown in grace, and I love the work I am in, battling for souls. I feel the responsibility more fully every day, when I see the men and women blinded to everything that is good.

I loved a Christian before I was converted, and felt sorry when I would see them crippled. I wanted to be kind to the old.

But to go back to my early days. I never drank liquor, or smoked before I was twenty. I went

To Learn the Plastering

and mason work about this time. I worked for five years, then commenced to try on my own account, and earned good wages. Commenced to frequent beer shops and card tables. From them to the bar rooms, spent my evenings drinking and smoking, playing games, generally connected with such places.

I had Christians mother, who often would pray for me when I would be drunk at home. She never lived to see me converted; but I expect to meet her where parting is no more.

I took a wife to share my unhappiness; went farther into drink, neglected my work, lost the confidence the people put in me,

Unfit to be Trusted

for any kind of work.

About this time I was as low as a man could be, didn't care whether I lived or died. Made many resolutions in the past to do better, would stand for a few days or months, and fall back again. My wife died, leaving me with three children.

Turned out of home, no friends, I don't really know how I got through the next six months. I used to go to the Army meetings, but couldn't stay there. I felt God's Spirit striving with me. I followed them to the barracks

Steeped in Rum

and tobacco. There I fell at the feet of the Cross, and cried, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

I shall never forget that night. How I trembled, and drops of sweat rolled down my face. I didn't feel any great change, but I had that determination in my heart, that with God's help I would do right.

My testimony that night was, "I have turned over a new leaf." Since then, God has changed my life. I had a hard fight for a while, but I can look back to-day, and say God has been good to me.

I married in the Army a soldier of our corps.

I love to be at my post, where I have received so many blessings living a life pleasing to God.

LIGHT OF AGES.

God sent His Son into the world to reveal Himself in the fullest manner, so He took the human form, became flesh, and dwelt among us. The same was in the beginning with God, and the Word was God; all things were made by Him; in Him was life, and the life was the light of man.

How condescending for the God of glory to stoop and humble Himself to man's level, that in their dark, fallen state they might find the light so visibly revealed! Yet how many closed their eyes against it! "Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil."

The light still shines in our world, and the multitude turn away from it, mock and deride those who open their eyes to receive the enlightening beams. Jesus used human language and figures to make simple heaven's truths, while in the flesh we need every day common methods to illustrate Scriptural facts to reach the masses. To reach the masses we must stoop, put away pride, become all things to all men, to help to reveal God's light in all the dark corners.

Dives asked for something greater than earthly means, but was told if they hear not Moses and the prophets neither would they believe though one went from the dead.

Did not the world put to death God's own Son? Are not many still crucifying Him afresh and putting Him to shame? Christ humbled Himself, came in the flesh, in pity for fallen man, and died that we might be saved, if we would believe.

Jesus Can Make a Dying-Bed Seem Soft as Downy Pillows Are.

Bro. Moses Webb Promoted to Glory.

INGERSOLL.—The premature death of Brother Moses Webb, is much lamented here by all who knew him, both soldiers and outsiders.

That dreadful disease, diptheria, broke our ranks, by taking hold of our departed brother; after six days' suffering, he fell sweetly asleep in Jesus. His last words were, that he was all ready. He would rather be with his Lord than live upon earth.

He requested his Bible to be sent to his dear mother in England.

He was converted in the Salvation Army while young in years, at the Romsey corps, Hampshire, England. He also was a Junior Soldier Sergeant of the corps until the time he came to Canada, and at once united himself with the Ingersoll corps.

His last testimony in the barracks was, that he meant to live and die a true Salvation Army soldier. And so he did; true to God, true to the colors until the end.

A large crowd of people assembled at the graveyard to witness, for the last time upon earth, the remains of our dear departed comrade.

His employers, and all he came in contact with, speak highly of his earnest Christian character.

The 7th corps of Canada, unite in sending love and sympathy to the dear parents in Romsey, England.

Captain GRACE MACKENZIE.

Promoted to Glory.

COMRADE MRS. CALKIN
(Wife of Bandsman Calkin), Fairville, N. B.

I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course, *I have kept the faith.*—II. TIMOTHY iv. 7.

ELECTED.

"Well, now, Joe," said Governor Vance, "do you really believe in the election by God that you speak of?"

"Deed I do, Massa Vance," said the negro seriously, with a shake of the head.

"Well, do you think that I am elected to be saved?"

"Sesely know, Massa Vance, but I neber heard of anyone being 'lected that wasn't a canderdate."—JOE.

SERGEANT MRS. PAUL, Burin, Newfoundland, has written a plaintive ode in affectionate remembrance of her husband, William R. Paul, a soldier of Burin corps, promoted to glory. God comfort our sister.

ASK!

BY THE GENERAL.

If you want something, ask God for it. See how that woman goes on when she wants something — before she asks her husband, she gives him a good dinner. That is generally what women do when they want money. Then, when John is in good humor, she begins to tell him that she has been down town and seen such a duck of a bonnet! With astonishment John says:

"I thought you was going to do the old straw hat again?"

"So I was," says the woman, "but I have been down town and seen the bonnet;" and John has to give her the money.

I do not say, have a new bonnet; but I do say, have a clean heart—not a white-washed heart, but one that is pure as He is pure, and holy as He is holy. It is possible to have a drop as well as an Atlantic, and we would have a heart washed in the Blood of the Lamb; not a heart without temptation, but a pure, clean heart—a heart that will be a mark of bull's-eye for the devil to fire at. When men fire they do not care about hitting trees—they like to aim at a bull's-eye; it seems to me as if devils are always going about shooting, and that Satan thinks nothing of any that cannot hit the bull's-eye. Sin's bull's-eye is black; ours is white. The sanctified soul has got a shield wherewith all hell's fiery darts are quenched. Salvation hearts have to be kept locked up from outward foes, then the soul can feel at rest. Our cadets can sleep sound and dream away, because they know the Watchman is on guard. What do they care about burglars?

What we want saving from is care, from all personal sorrow—not from Christ's sorrow. Our hearts may not always be without sorrow, but they may be without sin. It is that "mighty I" that wants taking away. We can all have a wonderful clean salvation. There's cleansing in the blood. There's not a Salvation soldier in the whole world, right to the ends of the earth, but that believes that the world can be saved from all sin on this side of the river. There are some wonderful grand things on the other side of the river.

A heart free from sin is a great blessing this side of the river. A man who only goes in for learning gets lost. Have you ever been lost? It is bad to be lost in a wood and in a pit, but it is worse to be lost in theology. Those who believe all the Bible are the best off.

When we get a clean heart, purity takes the place of self and sin, and we are willing to leave all that is wrong, whether we please or offend, gain or loss; we make up our minds to give up body and life to follow Christ on the path of thorns, to glorify God, and bless our generation. Do you ask where you'll find it? You'll find it by jumping in the fountain, neck or nothing.

I suppose you often see mountains that you want removed; but is it not because you think the mountain cannot be removed? Are you not like the lady who prayed for the Lord to remove a hill that obscured a beautiful view from her dwelling? After praying, she asked John to go and see if the hill was there. John said it was. "Ah," she said, "I thought it would be!"

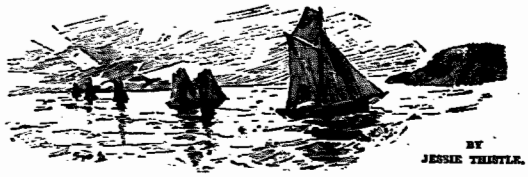
If you want the mountain of pride, self, and sin removed, believe He does it because He said He would. Believe the truth.

I have heard a beautiful story about "Trust." A rich man offered to give a huge hotel worth 250,000 dollars, to the first applicant. People said, "Ah, its somebody that wants to make fools of us;" but at length, a poor black man waited on him, and asked him if there was a chance for him to have the hotel. The gentleman looked at him and said, "Do you think that I shall give a poor nigger like you an hotel worth 250,000 dollars?" "I am a poor nigger enough," replied the black man, "but I can trust your word, and I believe you will give it to me." And he got the hotel. And, if you will trust God's word as that nigger trusted the gentleman's word, if you will leave all, and walk on that plank, He'll give you a clean heart.

Salvation Army Notes.

Special meetings are being held, celebrating the 50th year of the General's work. A great Jubilee is being held all around the world where the Army flag flies. All the proceeds are (not for the General) for the extension of its vast work. In all its branches rapid strides are being made. In the advancement of the work in this Dominion you can give a Jubilee offering to help the work along, and also send a message of greeting to the General. He visits Canada in the fall. — *Victoria Warder.*

BURIN CORPS HISTORY.



BY JESSIE THISTLE.

BURIN is the capital of the West, and according to the map of Newfoundland, it is much the shape of a seaman's boot. It can also boast of one of the finest harbors in the world.

Burin is widely different from other towns and villages of the western shore of Newfoundland. Already the WAR CRY readers have been told of the many little coves, settlements, and villages which combined make the one place called Burin.

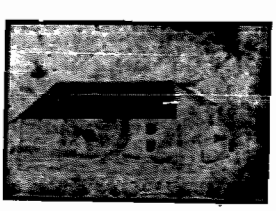
It takes one quite a while to get acquainted with the place, and to know where our own people live, for by the time you have visited twenty-three different scattered places, and sometimes are weather-bound for two or three days, often longer, you begin to look for farewell orders.

But in spite of all these difficulties, people had to be saved, and on the 16th of February, 1886, the Salvation Army, represented by Captain Hoar and Lieutenant Osmond, stepped on the shore of Burin with

Singleness of Purpose.

When Captain Hoar reached the place and looked up at the hills and rocks that surrounded him, the devil's first suggestion was, "You'll never climb the hills!" But time proved the devil to be a liar. There was no one to meet the officers, so they had to go in search of a boarding house. The next day they had to look up a hall for the night meeting. They succeeded in getting the Temperance Hall for a few nights. The first meetings were not very encouraging as only few Christians would take part in the strange proceedings. The next gatherings were held at Great Burin, and the next in Burin Bay in a partly-finished dwelling house, where night and day the lamps had to be kept burning, as the building was entirely covered with nails in order to keep out the snow and wind.

From thence they moved to Ship Cove and hired an old salt store, which was



partly built over the water. Here in this old place

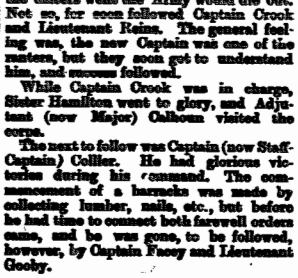
Untold Victories

were won. Souls were saved, many of whom are standing to-day.

After ten months' hard fighting, farewell orders came, and the people thought when the officers went the Army would die out. Not so, for soon followed Captain Crook and Lieutenant Reins. The general feeling was, the new Captain was one of the matters, but they soon got to understand him, and success followed.

While Captain Crook was in charge, Sister Hamilton went to glory, and Adjutant (now Major) Calhoun visited the corps.

The next to follow was Captain (now Staff-Captain) Collier. He had glorious victories during his command. The commencement of a barracks was made by collecting lumber, nails, etc., but before he had time to connect both farewell orders came, and he was gone, to be followed, however, by Captain Facey and Lieutenant Gooby.



To say those lads worked hard cannot convey to your minds an idea of the work they really did, not in the ordinary corps work merely, but over the barracks.

When they arrived in December there was not a stick up, but in April, after a wonderful banquet, the building was consecrated to God, and it has been in use ever since. The officers used to go miles in boats to get the frame out, but

God Honored their Work,

and souls was their reward.

Sister Ridout also went to glory about this time.

The next was indeed a change, for Captain Baldwin, Lieutenants Ebsary and Jefferies, lassie officers, came. While Captain Baldwin was in charge the first junior was dedicated, and her first convert is a solid soldier to-day.

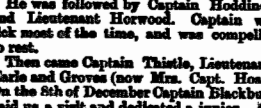
She was succeeded by Captain Badcock, Lieutenants Pike, Earle and Campbell; the two former were very sick while here, also Mrs. Winter, one of Captain Hoar's converts died a triumphant death.

Next came Captain Bowering and Cadet Day. Pen fails to describe the victories while he had charge. A great number of souls were saved, recruits made into soldiers; fourteen sergeants and one sergeant-major were commissioned. Lieutenant Cooper farewelled for the field. Major Scott presented colors, and about twenty-five juniors were enrolled.

Captain Tilley and Lieutenant Newman followed. His life was an upright one; he dealt straight both in private and public. Some were offended, some blessed. A few souls were saved and recruits enrolled.

A Boat,

for the purpose of taking the officers visit-

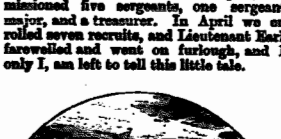


ing, was purchased, and the work still rolled on.

Captain Gooby and Lieutenant Parsons came next. He succeeded in seating the barracks and clearing the corps of debt, and seeing a few souls saved.

He was followed by Captain Hoddinott and Lieutenant Horwood. Captain was sick most of the time, and was compelled to rest.

Then came Captain Thistle, Lieutenants Earle and Groves (now Mrs. Capt. Hoar). On the 8th of December Captain Blackburn paid us a visit and dedicated a junior. On the 16th Brothers Gosling and Moulton farewelled for the Training Garrison. In February Lieutenant Groves farewelled for Canada. On the eighth of March Staff-Captain Read spent eight days with us, the weather preventing him from going further west. On the 21st we had a banquet, commissioned five sergeants, one sergeant-major, and a treasurer. In April we enrolled seven recruits, and Lieutenant Earle farewelled and went on furlough, and I, only I, am left to tell this little tale.



I might say the past winter has been the hardest since the Army opened fire with respect to people getting back and forth to meeting, but God is with us, and we are more than conquerors.

LET our dossers pray as they go forth from the Shelters and put on their hats. "God enable me to be king of what lies under this! For eternities lie under it and infinities, and Heaven also and hell."

IT is easy to live in the world after the world's opinion. It is easy to live in solitude after our own. But the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of his character. —*Selected.*

Prairie Land Facts and Figures.

BY MAJOR J. READ.

Queen's Birthday at Winnipeg was made the most of by Salvation desperadoes. We took to God's cathedral. The very powers of hell seemed to be arrayed against us. It was a circus here, a pleasure party there, games of all kinds all over the place, and yet we found all the hallelujah fun we needed in the service of God.

We had a WAR CRY meeting a few nights ago in the Prairie City. A German brother helped us out in describing "Der Kriegaraf." An unsaved French brother volunteered to come to the platform and read a par. from *En Avant.* A real, live Hollander came from the back of the audience to describe "Corlogkreut." "El Grido de Guerre" was represented by an Italian. Brother Poulson was glad we had a Danish *Cry.* It was a most interesting affair all through, and was much enjoyed.

Do you know the Habkirk family? They hail from Stratford. For a long time, Johnny has been a good band boy. Now his mother has arrived in Winnipeg, accompanied by her daughter, so that the local corps here is strengthened, and Johnny is happy. They say his sister blows an instrument, but we have not yet heard her. God bless the new arrivals!

Great interest centres in the Portage camp meetings. A good program has been arranged. The Agricultural ground is just the spot, a veritable Eden—apart from the mosquitoes. They bite fiercely. Our camp meetings include band jubilees, musical blizzards, Simooms, etc., etc., etc. Oh, it will be joyful to be there! We are going in for four solid days on June 30, July 1, 2, 3. What will it be to be there? Oh, what?

"I promised God I would get up early this morning and attend knee-drill. I awoke at half-past six in plenty of time, but the devil got the victory. I came to the penitent-form this morning to ask God to forgive me and to confess my wrong to my comrades, and I feel better now." This was the recent experience of a local officer in one of our corps in the West.

A dear fellow came to the Winnipeg penitent-form last Sunday night. He recently came from London, England, where he had got saved in an Army meeting, but had become a poor backslider. On his rising from the mercy-seat, another young man left the platform and stood by the side of this convert, saying they were chums in the Old Country. He, too, came back to the Cross at a Winnipeg meeting a few days before, so that the two were again united happy in the Lord in this far-away country. Oh, thank God for the great S. A.!

One hundred and six in the march on a recent Sunday night in Winnipeg, and that on a warm night at the end of May.

Vancouver, Victoria, Calgary, Portage, Winnipeg, Fort William, and Port Arthur are all deeply interested in the Jubilee schemes, as it touches them very closely.

Adjutant Archibald writes referring to the Jubilee scheme: "This blessed scheme is going through with a shout of triumph here in Victoria. The whole WAR CRY was a source of inspiration to our people. You will not be in any way disappointed in the special effort on the coast."

We have waited upon and had a very kindly conversation with Lieutenant-Governor Shultz. He is greatly interested in the Salvation Army and its modes, methods, and schemes. We secured his name on one of the Jubilee books, and also messages to the General by the Lieutenant-Governor and his good lady. Their donation was 160 acres of good land.

Certain temperance gentlemen of the city were very anxious to shut down a certain saloon near Provincial Headquarters. Always death to "the traffic," we promised to use our influence in this matter. When the License Commissioners met, the Army was represented at that gathering. Thank God the license was granted, and thus *one* other hell-trap was shut. Praise God for ever!

Oh, what a meeting we had on Monday, June 4th, in Grace Church in connection with the General's Jubilee. Yes, many big guns were there. Lieutenant-Governor Shultz clapped his hands. Mrs. Shultz beamed smilingly upon the speakers. The ministers, in a very outspoken way, landed our dear old General and his schemes for the lifting up of the fallen, and altogether it was a good time. About $180 were given to the Shelter.

HOLINESS IN ACTION.

A lady said to me: "I think the Salvation Army is a low crowd, because they go around picking up people from the gutter." I said to her. "I think it is a fortunate thing for those who are in the gutter that God has got a people who are not afraid of losing their respectability, or soiling their clothes by stooping down and lifting them up from the gutter. Some of the brightest jewels in the Saviour's crown were found in the gutter, and I rejoice to-day that I am one of the 'low crowd' that goes around picking people up from the gutter.

THE FIRST

ALL-NIGHT OF PRAYER

— IN THE —

Toronto Jubilee Hall

— LED BY —

THE COMMANDANT.

"Settle it here for eternity," were the solemn words painted all the length of our old tear-washed penitent-form, consecrated amidst groans, and sobs, and vows, and promises to God of allegiance for ever. Now our hearts are cheered to know that within a week of the opening more than a score of men and women have knelt at the Mercy-seat, in the General's hall. May the angels hold high jubilee in heaven over hundreds more sinners repenting before the June Congress ends.

It was a beautiful meeting.

Two Long Nights Through

we have pleaded with God for His presence upon the great gatherings. In the sacred stillness hearts have been melted, tongues let loose, hidden wrongs uncovered, and sins washed away by the Blood of the Lamb.

On Friday, the last of the series of holiness meetings—so fruitful in blessing to the city—developed into an "all-night." Most of Headquarters' staff, the city officers, and cadets were present, in all, with the soldiers, a nice, compact, warm-hearted audience of about two hundred, including Major Morris, who arrived in the midst from the East.

After earnest, united prayer and singing, the Commandant counselled everybody to leave shut outside all earthly care, and to centre our souls upon God alone, to wrestle for His blessing and presence upon the whole Congress.

"Now, do let the cash alone," he exclaimed as Staff Captain Streeton emerged from behind the red curtain.

"Have you squared your accounts," he demanded of Captain Morris, the cashier.

"Yes, sir," was the confident reply.

"Then get down and pray.

We "got down"—down on both knees—down with all our hearts in humble devotion at the foot of the Cross, crawing, beseeching, imploring the blessing of heaven upon our leaders, our comrades, our friends, our foes, the saints, the sinners, and finally the

Poor, Miserable, Lukewarm Professors,

and especially those in our midst who were backsliders.

The Commandant read the fourteenth chapter of St. John, commenting very simply and forcibly, "Let not your hearts be troubled."

We realized the necessity for faith—faith in one another, faith in our leaders, faith in God. One cannot with pen and ink reproduce the numberless little graphic illustrations quaintly dramatized with picturesque action and pointed incident. It was impossible to go to sleep, listening. Not a soul moved. Midnight passed; the great city was hushed in sleep. Oh, what would some troubled consciences have given, as they tossed on restless pillows, to have tasted the pure pleasure that we enjoyed!

The meeting was thrown open for testimonies.

"There is no hurry," said the Commandant, thankfully, "we have the whole night before us. There is time for everybody." He affectionately invited us to open out our hearts' deepest longings, and to tell one another our failures, that we might pray for one another, and help to bear each other's burdens. Many arose, and with tears and broken voices confessed how far they were from what they might be and ought to be. God came very near in the silent watches of the night. The Holy Spirit was there—

The Spirit of Truth

and unity. More fervent, tender wrestling with God for ourselves and one another followed, and then the invitation was given. It needed but little pressing before the row of chairs were filled. One pleaded for deliverance from the "man-fearing spirit"; another, who chafed beneath the fetters of "a terrible temper," agonized to be set free. The short summer night slipped away, the morning began to dawn. Songs of deliverance, shouts of victory, tears of joy commenced to take the place of sorrow and grief.

"Next we will have some refreshments," announced the Commandant. Baskets of buns, trays of cake, and cups of tea were handed round by the Cadets.

"What a genuine, old-fashioned love-feast we are having!" thought everybody, and they were so glad they didn't stay away.

A little bit of rehearsing for the Messey Music Hall followed. Staff-Captain Fry twisted sideways on the music stool, with one eye half closed to see who kept time properly. We enjoyed our own singing very much; clapped and encored ourselves, and decided that if the public does not appreciate us at the Musical Festival, it just proves their bad taste.

WHY HAVE YOU NOT SUFFERED?

BY COMMISSIONER RAYMOND.

The great question for every reader of the WAR CRY is, "Does God call upon me to offer myself at once?"

How are you to know? Some people seem to think that they are only called upon to give themselves up to God's service when the way is closed for them to obtain a living in any other direction. We do not question that, in some cases, unwilling soldiers are lashed thus by the whip of adversity into doing what they ought to have done gladly in the days of their prosperity; but we need strong persuasions to accept any such as officers in the Army.

We want the brainest people, who are doing most already; the cleverest people, who are able to do most, and to get others to do most—the most comfortable people, who have the greatest difficulty in wrenching themselves out of their present agreeable surroundings—the healthiest and strongest people, the men and women who have the best situations and the best worldly prospects; those for whom the outlook in 1894 is brightest. These are the very ones to whom, in God's name, we cry, "Come and help us to get the world saved."

What right have you to hold on to anything that God has given you—to use the very blessings He pours upon you as an excuse for withholding yourself from His service? How dare you go on adding to the years or months of ingratitude in which you have objected, and excused, and hung back, instead of rushing to help Him in the great fight against His foes?

Down with the silly nonsense about not being called. You know, if you are properly saved yourself, how the devil is destroying souls by the million every day. What an abomination to pretend that you need some special voice from heaven to call you to rush to the rescue. If you have never been called before, I call you to-day. Go straight to God and ask Him to help you to give up all and follow Him, and then write and place your services at His disposal, in the only way that is absolutely open to you—that is to say, through the Army, which offers to every man and woman alike, an open door. If you cannot write, don't let that discourage you. Get the Captain to write for you. God has used many a one who could not write a line, nor read one either, for that matter, to save crowds of souls. Come along, you who are really alive—really willing to suffer and die for Jesus, and for the salvation of the world, and come quick. God help you.

Ottawa marching on. Five for pardon, three for full salvation this week. We are having blessed times, both in the open-air and indoor meetings. The heavenly gales are blowing.—Ensign COUSINS.

La Chute.—June 6th, we had Ensign McLean with us for a special meeting. After a march and open-air, quite a nice crowd gathered to the hall, where we spent a profitable time. The Ensign spoke on three subjects—"Madness," "Sadness," "Gladness." These were represented with paintings, which were very interesting. We also welcomed Lieutenant Adams; God bless her. We are in for victory.—Lieutenant McCANN.

Truro.—Since last report, ONE soul came forward for salvation, and SIX for sanctification. Glory to God for victory.

We had Ensign Blackburn with us for Saturday and Sunday, June 2nd and 3rd. Good meetings; large attendance. We will keep believing.—ROBERT H. PHENNEY, Special Correspondent.

St. Catharines.—The wet weather has gone, and the sunshine has come. Last Sunday afternoon was our first visit to the "Park," and it is a fine place. Crowds listened with great earnestness, and the Salvation Army lads and lassies stood for one and a-half hours, and proclaimed the salvation of Jesus. The band is doing well. At night, a prodigal came home and received a welcome.—Ensign AMBERY.

Stratford.—We can still report victory in this place. Last Sunday was a day of great blessing to our souls. God was in our midst in power, and at night, as Lieutenant Davidson farewelled for the North-West, FOUR souls fell at Jesus' feet and got saved.—Captain LEE.

Bonavista.—Just a word to let you know we're not discouraged. God has told us to cast our bread upon the waters and we shall find it after many days.

The past winter we have had the joy of seeing ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN SOULS profess to find salvation. We give God all the praise.

We have left our old cottage by the sea and got into a new one, hired to us by a Roman Catholic friend, at a very low rent. It is situated in the most prominent place in town, and most suitable for our work.—Lieutenant THOMPSON for Captain NEWMAN.

Goderich.—We are having beautiful open-air meetings. We are blessed with great privileges in this respect, and large crowds of people—mainly pleasure-seekers, the sort we are after—gather round and listen to the songs of Zion, and the story of Calvary's Christ. Many go away with a troubled conscience.

The Ministerial Session of the Guelph conference, of the Methodist Church, was held here from May 30th to June 6th, inclusive. We much appreciate the kindness of the Conference in sending some of the brethren to give us a helping hand for the week-end.

On Saturday evening we held a large open-air meeting on the square, among the trees. Rev. Mr. Service led, assisted by other ministers and the corps. The large crowd eagerly drank in what was said; gave well in the collection. A good time we had.

A good number gathered for knee-drill at seven a.m.; among the number a delegate to Conference, who has not missed an Army knee-drill for ten years—an example for most Salvationists.

Holiness meeting at eleven o'clock was splendid. Rev. Mr. Burwash read the Word, his theme being, "Be filled with the Spirit."

We could not hold our meeting in the open-air in the afternoon for rain, but it drew a good crowd to the barracks. Rev. Mr. Harris and others spoke on the General's life for God and humanity. Truly many hearts were touched.

Previous to the night meeting, we held a short open-air meeting. Great liberty was enjoyed, and we felt that God had spoken through us to the crowd who assembled to hear us. Inside, the Rev. Mr. Ayer led; several ministers in the audience. Some were called forward to the platform, Mr. Ayers comically saying, that they must work their passage when they come to the Army. Among the number on the platform, was Mr. De Mill, of the Ladies' College, St. Thomas.

We have been blessed much in collecting money to carry forward the Jubilee Schemes; $25 has been given, which is good, considering the hard times just now. We are marching forward to victory.—WM. MCDOUGALL, for Captain SCOTT.

That Glorious Jubilee "Cry."

BY MARIA SIMPSON.

"The Commandant has decided to turn farmer," so said our leader in the Territorial Topics recently, and now the farm is an accomplished fact. Yes, and not only the farm, that glorious Jubilee CRY speaks of Schemes grand and varied—New Barracks, New Rescue Homes, Castles, Shelters, Timber Limits, a Salvation Navy, etc.—and all for the glory of our God and Father in heaven. May He bless them, every one! I am sure He will.

General Booth's Darkest England Schemes have been of the deepest interest to all lovers of God and humanity ever since we received the first inkling of them through our Canadian CRY. The City Colonies, Farm Colonies, his proposed Over-the-Sea Colony, are the greatest of enterprises. They reach and relieve numbers of the poor and distressed; not merely as to their perishing bodies, but also their never-dying souls.

That the blessed Spirit is working mightily through the Salvation Army, no one can have the hardihood to deny. The multitudes of genuine conversions (such as that very simple and touching one of Capt. Neilson, of Australia, author of "Me join 'em") give positive proof of it. Truly it is the glory of the Salvation Army that it is led and controlled by God, the Holy Ghost.

None but He could have upheld the General and his sainted wife in all their work for our Lord. None but He could have suggested those noble plans for Darkest England, and given strength, grace and means to carry them out; and the same Spirit Who has graciously guided and supported our dear General, in all his arduous toils and troubles, is now guiding and supporting his son, our beloved Canadian leader—yes, and his dear, blessed wife, Mrs. Cornelie Booth, whose highest ambition is "to be a saint." Those Jubilee Schemes were most surely dictated to him—do not suppose the Holy Spirit does not speak through His servants now-a-days. Yes, verily He does. May the same glorious Counsellor bless and prosper the Commandant. May He stir up the hearts of the people to contribute the necessary funds, and, by His almighty power crown the Farm Colony, and every one of those fifty Jubilee plans, with the grandest success, and all through Jesus and for His glory. Hallelujah!

SHORTEST ON RECORD.

The shortest pastorate on record, is that of a Congregational minister in Central New York State, who preached his inaugural sermon on Sunday morning, and then found things not to his liking. His valedictory (farewell) sermon was preached Sunday morning, and he took the first train Monday morning for home.—*New York Christian Herald.*

Joyful Jubilee Meeting

IN THE

METHODIST CHURCH AT RAPID CITY.

D. McNaught, M. P. P., in the Chair.

It was with very great pleasure indeed that Captain Cromarty was able to invite the citizens of Rapid City to the Jubilee meeting in the Methodist church, on June 4th.

During the evening the choir led the singing, appropriate pieces having been selected for the occasion. The chair was occupied by Dr. McNaught, M.P.P., who, after prayer had been offered by Lieutenant Wilkins, and a portion of Scripture read by Captain Cromarty, expressed himself as exceedingly pleased at being present in such a capacity. He spoke of the early days of the Salvation Army in Canada, his opinion of their success in large cities, but was very pleased to be able to state that not only had a good work been done in the larger cities, but that the soul-saving work had extended into the smaller towns, of which Rapid City was one.

He further stated that not only had people in general been helped spiritually, but that he himself owed whatever he had of spiritual life to the instrumentality of the Salvation Army. He showed conclusively that General Booth had

A Right to be Congratulated

upon the great success of the movement.

The chairman then called upon a number of the leading gentlemen present to address the meeting.

Mr. J. H. Martin spoke of some of the difficulties the Salvation Army have to contend with, and spoke of the self-sacrifice and brotherly charity of the Salvation Army officers. Sergeant-Major Stewart and Sergeant Hanmer, in few words, spoke of the saving power of God through the S. A.

By way of a change the chairman called upon Bandsman Martin for a solo, with guitar accompaniment, which was followed by a stirring address by Mr. J. T. Harris. He feelingly congratulated General Booth and the Salvation Army upon the marvellous results with which God had crowned their efforts. He earnestly entreated the young men present to yield their lives to God.

At this point the people were considerably surprised to hear the speaker say that not only did he appreciate and love the work as a friend, but that he had that evening decided to give himself still more into the hands of God by placing himself as

A Candidate for Soldiership

in the Salvation Army. (Everybody say hallelujah.)

May God help every reader to thus follow their Master!

Mr. J. Cox and Secretary A Odger had a few words to say. The latter spoke of the manner in which the finances were expended. The rendering of a few hymns, led by the choir, and a solo by Lieutenant Wilkins, kept sleepy people out of the "morphetic arms," and all were on the alert to hear what the Rapid City banker, Mr. D. A. Hopper, would have to say. They were not disappointed. The gentleman complimented the leader and his helpers in high terms. He mentioned its unbounded borders at the present time. The empire shadowed by the British flag was not commensurate with that of the red, yellow, and blue. Mr. Hopper was by

No Means Ambiguous or Obscure

in his praise of the work.

All were pleased to hear the chairman call upon Rev. Mr. Davies for a few remarks. The reverend gentleman spoke with eloquence and thought upon the work as a whole, declaring love for every movement, whose object was the salvation of souls.

After some music Captain Cromarty took the platform, and in an earnest address, laid before the audience the history and plan of the work. Much interest was shown by those present when he touched on the facts and figures pertaining to the work. Finances were explained, after which the Captain spoke of the fifty Jubilee schemes, explaining the more important. He sounded the feelings of the people by a vote regarding a new barracks for Rapid City, which being hearty carried, he told the voters that he took it for granted that each would give $5 for that object.

A few remarks from the chair, a collection (S. A. style), doxology, and prayer by Rev. Mr. Davies, brought a very successful meeting to a close.

ARTHUR MARTIN, Bandsman.

HOLINESS is religion shining. It is the candle lighted, and not hid under a bushel, but lighting the house. It is religious principle put into motion. It is the love of God sent forth into circulation on the feet and with the hands of love to man. It is faith gone to work. It is charity coined into actions, and devotion breathing benedictions on human suffering, while it goes up in incense to the Father.—*Selected.*

"THE YEAR OF JUBILEE HAS COME."

Fac simile of Jubilee Message Sheet.

NOTE.—This slip should be filled up and returned to Commandant H. Booth, The Temple, Toronto. Your message to the General will be bound in book form, and presented to him during his visit to Canada.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD:

I desire to express a belief that I have long secretly cherished, which is that you and that revered and beloved woman, Mrs. Catherine Booth, were given to each other and to the world to lay down the foundation, wide as the world itself, of a movement which should be by its beneficence a standing reproof to sacerdotalism, ecclesiasticism and conventionalism in the universal Church of Christ.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED METHODISTS FREE CHURCHES, ENGLAND:

It must be a matter of devout thankfulness and common joy to all who love the Lord Jesus * * * * to find that God has been pleased to spare the life of General Booth for so many years as the head of the Salvation Army.

SAMUEL WRIGHT.

MR. W. T. STEAD, *Editor of the Review of Reviews:*

I salute in you the Leader of the Vanguard of the Church Militant. I rejoice to know that in you the disinterested of the world have a stalwart comrade and an indomitable Chief. Your worst enemies are ignorance and prejudice.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET

I desire to send the assurance of my highest esteem, admiration and good-will in the name of Christ and humanity.

THE EARL OF ONSLOW, (Late Governor of New Zealand.)

The Earl of Onslow desires to offer his congratulations to General Booth on this the fiftieth year of his work, and hopes that the Social agencies undertaken by him will continue to prosper.

Dear Commandant Booth,

I have pleasure in enclosing the sum of $100 Cts. towards the schemes mentioned in the General Jubilee Program.

THE MESSAGE TO THE GENERAL SHOULD BE WRITTEN HERE.

Together with many thousands I send heartfelt greeting to General Booth. Happy, Happy Men to be chosen of God for such a mighty work.

Signed M. W. Gooderham. Address 160 Wellesley Cres. Toronto Ontario

REV. R. GLOVER, BRISTOL, ENG., Ex Chairman of the Baptist Union.

I feel, what most people feel, that General Booth is one of God's greatest gifts to England.

SIR W. V. HARCOURT, Chancellor of the Exchequer, England.

His (the General's) honored age is crowned by the gratitude and admiration of all those who have been blessed by his devotion and his labors.

THE REV. W. BRADBURY:

"As a clergyman of the Church of England and thirty-years' friend of The General, I want to be amongst the first to send my congratulations—(and he enclosed cheque for £25)—on the auspicious occasion of the dear General's birthday and Jubilee celebration."

THE VERY REV. ARCHDEACON FARRAR:

While thousands have been only talking and criticising and sneering you have devoted every energy of your life to rescue the perishing, and to preach the gospel to the poor.

MR. CAINE, M.P.:

I have no hesitation in saying that your life's work in the Salvation Army proper is not greater than the influence of your work on the Church of Christ at large.

REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES:

It is impossible to exaggerate the value which you and your soldiers have rendered to Christendom

REV. DR. JOSEPH PARKER:

All blessings be on the General. * * * * The more I have looked into that work (The Army) the more I believe it to be of God.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO MRS. BOOTH.

". . . I most sincerely hope that nothing will hinder the effectual consummation of all those good plans for the lifting up of the unfortunate class, of which there are so many. Trusting that all in connection with the Jubilee Festival, from first to last, may prove not only a suitable and seasonable tribute to you, but a strong victory for our beloved Lord,

Yours affectionately,

MARY W. GOODERHAM."

THE WAR CRY.

TORONTO, JUNE 23, 1894.

OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY,
Thursday, June 14, 1894.

OUR GREAT CONGRESS.

It has come. Hallelujah! They of the dispersion scattered throughout the vast Dominion, have come up to Jerusalem. The great Ten Days' Congress is an actual fact. The councils, which so far have been confined to the Provincial and Staff Officers, have been marked by holy enthusiasm and common-sense. Knotty questions have been aired and discussed with the utmost liberty, consistent with the rock-bottom principles of the organization, and there is no doubt but that, with better-informed judgments, the zeal of the various officers will be more wisely and earnestly directed into those channels most vital to the interests of the Salvation Army. Our many friends will be glad to know that amongst the many Bills of Improvement and Extension, upon which unanimous decisions were come to, were:

- The raising of 300 new officers.
- New and improved plans for soul-saving, and Life Guards, Brigades, etc.
- The payment of rents so secured.
- The perfecting of the Circle Corps system.
- The Co-operative system for the supply of provisions and clothing for officers and soldiers.
- The Junior Soldiers' War, and Band of Love amongst children.!
- The quality and extension of our open-air work.
- The Reconciliation Week.
- Corps' Budget Scheme.
- Harvest Festival and Self-Denial efforts.
- The Local Corps' Assistance Scheme, and many others dealing with the interests, spiritual and temporal, of the Army.

The Commandant has shone in the councils with peculiar lustre, his concise explanations of the Army's inner working, have made more palpable than ever how absolutely free from selfishness are the principles upon which the great organization is run, while the far-sightedness and comprehensiveness of the plans of future development he has laid down, have carried the conviction to every mind, that in him the Canadian Wing, has one of the most able and statesmanlike leaders the whole Army can produce. One and all are united in singing from the very heart:

"This shall be our war cry, 'Victory!'
This shall be our war cry, 'Victory!'
We will write it on our character, get it on our knees
Victory! Victory! Victory!"

BEING a Christian is not an episode in a life; it is the life itself, and all other things, including our daily work, are but its incidents; they are a small and comparatively trifling part of our real life. But, if bread-winning or time-killing, or anything else, constitutes our life, and following God in our hearts is only a secondary thing, it is indeed a hard thing to do, because it is reversing God's natural and easy order. Put things in their proper order: "*Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness,*" and then, "*with joy shall ye draw water from the wells of salvation.*"

"Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace by Jesus' name,
Supported by His smile;
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find His service my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

Oh, that all the art might know
Of living thus to Thee!
Find their heaven begun below,
And here Thy glory see!
Walk in all the works prepared
By Thee to exercise Thy grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see Thy glorious face."

GREETINGS
To Our Beloved General.

BY MRS. M. PAYTON.

Fifty years of patient sowing,
Scattering with unsparing hand
Seeds of truth and life eternal
On fertile or on barren land.

Fifty years of earnest toiling
In the vineyard of the Lord,
Bravely bearing heat and burden,
Wielding swift the Spirit's sword.

Fifty years of prayerful watching,
Watering with Gethsemane tears;
Strong to wait for hope's fruition,
Bringing harvest's golden ears.

Fifty years of glorious reaping,
Fields all white with golden grain,
Must be garnered for the Master,
Spite of loss, or toil, or pain.

Going forth with weeping, scattering
Far and wide the precious seed,
Questioning not of which shall prosper,
Seeing but the world's great need.

See Salvation's banner spreading,
Zone-like girds the wide earth round;
Million souls, once steeped in darkness,
Hail the gospel, joyful song.

Greetings to thee, valiant leader—
Greetings to thee, noble chief;
Loyal hearts salute thee, General,
From the land of Maple Leaf.

May the coming years still find thee
Strong to do thy Master's will,
And the God of every nation
Thy petitions swift fulfil.

Before he joined the Army.

MAJOR MORRIS

From Newfoundland

CALLS AT THE EDITOR'S

— AND —

TALKS OF HIS NEW COUNTRY.

Major Morris, who has been called from his battlefield in Newfoundland by the Commandant in order to be present at the great Congress and for the important councils of chief D.O.'s held in connection therewith, arrived in Toronto in time to take part in the all-night of prayer which the Commandant conducted on Friday in preparation for the great Congress.

The Major is in fair trim, and although not a good sailor, is apparently not much the worse for his stay amongst the warm-hearted Newfoundlanders.

It was just about time for the noon prayer meeting when he called at the Editor's office, so we impressed the Major into active service right away, and it would have done your heart good to see the Major make the boys of Headquarters look aghast as he whirled away at one of those wild Newfoundlander singe—tune after tune—till we got a re-echo of Newfoundland right into the very walls of the stately Headquarters:

> "Oh, the bells of heaven will ring
> When the Salvation Army gets in,
> Marching along like conquering heroes
> Up to glory."

Can readers may remember that Major Morris had a narrow escape of train-wreck on his way up. The effects of that shock were still felt, although at the time both Major and Mrs. Morris were kept in perfect peace. At the moment of danger prayer was their resource, and who shall say that their escape was not a direct and immediate answer to the prayer offered a few seconds previously?

The God Who holds the world and all things up, can easily control the movement of a railway car.

"And how's the work in Newfoundland, Major?" we asked.

"Good; we have the away. The Salvation Army is *the* thing of the people there. We have our own burying grounds; our District Officers hold marriage licenses. $1,400 has been voted to us for educational purposes, and we already have two daily schools, where Salvation Army officers teach by day, and preach salvation by night. One of these is under Adjutant Smeeton, in the Southern District; the other, under Brigade-Captain Gooby, in the Northern."

"That's excellent," we rejoined, "and what is the spirit of your soldiery?"

"Oh, very good, considering the hard times we experience. There is very little money in circulation; and, as you know, the credit system is a very bad one for the poor. They have to get their goods from the storekeeper on credit, and if the season is a poor one, so that they cannot bring in enough fish to pay up, they have then to mortgage their boats to the storekeeper to get another supply. In that way many have lapsed, till for years they have not been able to get out of debt; but on the whole, our people are wonderfully sustained. Their prayer meetings are an unique feature. It is no use trying to lead in the ordinary sense of the term, you must just give way to the mighty torrent of supplication and song around you. Perhaps one brother will start to pray at top G, then another will break out in prayer a few notes lower, and so on, till the whole place will be a hell."

"Glory to God!"

"At one of my meetings, a big, red-faced drunkard, thoroughly intoxicated, came to the penitent-form. I have never seen such a case before in all my Army experience. When he got down to the front, he took no notice of anybody, but set to work hammering the form with his fists, then with the palms of his hands, then he got up and took off his coat. Some of the people couldn't understand it, but said, 'Let him alone, he is in earnest,' and we went on for hours. That man got blessedly sobered and saved, and is today a splendid soldier. Why, bless you, our Newfoundland soldiers will stay till midnight any time to see a soul through. If we cannot pray him through, we sing him through, and generally add a dance, too. It is very exhausting to the officers: Adjutant Smeeton's voice has become as rusty as a crow's."

"God bless the Adjutant. How is your Rescue Work going on?"

"Beautifully. I visited the Home in St. Johns just before I left the Island; the girls gathered round, and we had quite a little family gathering, where we mingled our voices in prayer. We meet with much sympathy from friends, too."

"And what do you think of the Commandant's Jubilee Program?"

"I think it a masterpiece."

The Danish Social Institutions consist of the Rescue Home, with accommodation for about twenty girls (and this is always full), two Slum-posts and a Creche, which are doing good work; and, in the winter time, several Night Shelters. Our regular halls are used for this purpose, and during the late winter we have sheltered from 180 to 200 men each night. They sleep on the benches, and, the hall being well heated, are very comfortable. In the morning they get a cup of milk and a little bread.

The Crown Prince visited these Night Shelters last winter, and after expressing himself much pleased with the arrangements made for these poor men, donated a sum of money towards the work. We also have a Christmas tree and treat for poor children each year, and the King, who it will be remembered, is the father of the Princess of Wales, has, for the last four years, subscribed annually towards the effort.

Out of Darkness Into Light.

I am very glad to be able to report victory in my soul since starting to serve the Lord Jesus Christ.

True, I lived the life of a miserable sinner until twenty years of age, never entering a church or any place of worship until seventeen years of age, when I attended a Baptist meeting; but through misunderstanding what I heard I spent three more years absent from all such places, during which time never hearing, nor wanting to hear anything pertaining to the way of Salvation.

When I was at the age of twenty

That Terrible Salvation Army

came to town. For several weeks I kept away from my mind the thought of going to the Army.

After being persuaded by a friend, I went to one of the meetings, where I heard the Gospel preached in the true and simple way. The truth was laid out so plainly that I could not help being somewhat convicted, but entirely unwilling for anyone to know it.

On being asked next day how I liked the Salvation Army, I said it was a very good way to spend an evening, as good as a concert, and free to all.

Owing to my mother being a Catholic, and all the other members of the family being entirely opposed to everything that they called religious, I only could attend Army meetings once in a week, or once in two weeks. Every time I went my convictions became deeper, and feeling that I was

Rebelling Against the Spirit

of God, I resolved never to go to these meetings any more. But my resolutions all failed, and I went to the Salvation Army every time I could get there.

After being dealt with by the officers, and promising the Lord to become a Christian the next time, I made up my mind one Saturday night that if it was a matter of life or death I would be converted that night, so stepping out to the Salvation Army penitent form, I there and then made a renouncement of all I knew to be displeasing to God, who for Christ's sake,

Pardoned the Guilty Past.

Glory to God!

The next day, and for some time, I was kept from meeting, not even allowed to go out on Sunday, for fear that I might meet a Christian and get encouraged. But through all the difficulties and darkness that has surrounded me I have been enabled, by the grace of God, to say, "God is my Helper, I shall not fear what man can do unto me."

To-day, I am enjoying a free and full salvation, desiring to be kept humble at the foot of the Cross, and to see precious souls brought out of darkness into the light of God.

A FRIEND.

After he joined the Army.

GRACE-BEFORE-MEAT

— AND —

Auxiliary Siftings.

Do you want to make a safe investment? You can do worse than by subscribing five dollars to the Salvation Army and becoming a member of the Auxiliary League. Every dollar is used for the glory of God and the extension of His kingdom upon earth.

A lady of Hamilton in sending her renewal subscription, stated it gave her great pleasure to do so, and added that the Salvation Army was a safe bank to invest in.

You try an investment. By joining the Auxiliary League the lady referred to stated that she had come in contact with our literature, with the consequence that she had been led into the higher life of full salvation. She also had introduced our periodicals to people who would not now be without them.

In return for an investment of five dollars per annum, interest upon the same is paid, either by sending you, *All the World*, or the *Deliverer*, monthly; or the WAR CRY, or *Young Soldier*, weekly. The principal is not returned, but is applied to the general advancement of the cause of Christ. If you desire it to aid the Social side of affairs, all well and good, it can be arranged as desired.

Anyone desirous of being enrolled as a member of the Auxiliary League during the coming Congress, can obtain full information from Adjutant Miller, who will also have on hand a stock of Grace-before-meat boxes for friends to carry back with them from the city.

Do not forget the needs of our poor brethren, and unfortunate sisters, or the little waifs and strays. While during the coming summer, nature in all its beauty shines forth from myriad points, and the beneficient Creator showers upon you needs and comforts, and abundance, let not your heart fasten itself upon the things that you have, to the exclusion of the needs of those who have not. Rember, to him that hath (compassion) shall be given, but to him that hath not (charity) shall be taken away.

Sundays, your tables will be well filled, as a thankfulness to God Almighty for allowing them to be so, let the representative of the "Light Brigade" (to make heavy hearts light), place amidst the abundance, the Grace-before-meat box, and then let each member of the household be asked to put their gift into it. This, when gathered in once a quarter (either January, April, July, or October of each year), the mites (including yours) will form a substantial gift, to be placed in the hands of the Commandant, to roll on the Social Chariot.

Local agents, do not lose sight of the fact that next month, between July 2nd and 9th, the Grace-before-meat boxes should be gathered in.

BLACK spots show on white garments.
Sin spots show on professors.
Are there any spots on you?
Get them washed out at once.
Do you say they have been there a long time?

TAKE NOTICE. — Sin disease of long standing completely cured by the Calvary Physician.

He is to be found anywhere by broken and contrite hearts.

In fact, He is looking for you.

If you'll make the appointment, He will meet you at the Salvation Army barracks any night in the week, and all day Sunday.

Some of the Physician's co-workers are always there.

They give information free.

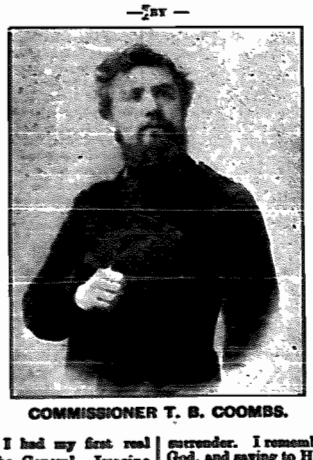
Marvellous cases of cure to be seen.
No glory to man, all glory to Jesus.
Do you glory in Him?
If you do, get ready for the Cross.

Capt. Milner, Port Arthur	92
Capt. Milner, Port Arthur	88
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich	85
Capt. Sims, Barrie (in two weeks)	68
Sergt. Towlett, Petrolia (in two weeks)	67
Sergt. Miller, St. John	57
Sister Harrison, Carberry	52
Sister Peers, Carberry	50
Sergt.-Major Mrs. Bowcock, Lippincott	50
Ensign Moore, Windsor	35
Sergt.-Major Crowe, Gananoque	28
Ens. Moore, Gananoque	28
Lieut. Tucker, Oshawa	28
Capt. Markle, Huntsville	25
Capt. Huxtable	22
Capt. Banks, Oshawa	22
Sister Andrews, St. John	22
Capt. Will, Windsor	18
Brother Rowe, Port Arthur	17
Sister Rowe, Port Arthur	12
Sister Baxter, Port Arthur	10
Sister Baxter, Port Arthur	10

HOW I GOT THE BLESSING,

And Other Reminiscences,

— BY —



COMMISSIONER T. B. COOMBS.

About this time I had my first real "personal" with the General. Imagine my feelings! Those keen eyes of his piercing me through! I felt he had taken me in at a glance, and knew all about me. My young heart was drawn out to him. I had the pleasure of walking with him as he was going to visit some soldiers, for in those early days when corps and officers were few, the General was just as busy and as fully engaged as to-day, all his time being taken up in pushing on the great work of God and the Army. I remember the advice he gave me; would to God I had carried it out and followed it more fully than I did. Talking about the possibility of my devoting my life to the salvation of others, and what would be required of me as a leader, he urged me to commit to memory as much of the Word of God as I could, and as many out-and-out salvation songs as possible, telling me that although it might not appear a very important matter then, it would be of great blessing to me in the future, as, when speaking, these passages from God's Word would come like a stream, and back up the arguments I was using. To a certain extent I followed this advice, and can say that all the General prophesied has been more than fulfilled, and I am only sorry that I did not do more on this line than I did. That week I shall never forget. From that very hour God Almighty seemed to have a special claim upon me. Through His servant He had spoken to me again to leave all and follow Him. I do not remember the date, but the circumstance will never be erased from memory.

Some month or two prior to this, in a meeting led by the Chief-of-Staff and the Marechale, God had mightily moved upon my soul, and I was deeply convicted for holiness.

That Sabbath night it seemed very hard to get sinners to the mercy-seat, and the Chief, led by the Spirit of God, threw himself into the hands of God that He might give him words to speak to those who professed to love Him, and were yet unsanctified. Oh, those words of power! I for one sat and trembled in my seat. God was speaking through His servant, calling me to full surrender. The enemy was near at hand, and a tremendous effort he made to keep me from making this surrender of body, soul and spirit to God. So deep was the conviction upon me, that I had to rise and go to the front and make the entire surrender. I remember so well coming to God, and saying to Him in the words of the poet:

> "Here I give my all to Thee,
> Friends and time and earthly store;
> Soul and body Thine to be,
> Wholly Thine for evermore,"

and there I renounced every evil way. There I came to an end of myself, there I surrendered body, soul and spirit to God; there I exercised living faith for full salvation, and although the ecstacy and joy that I heard some people talk about did not seem to come to me, yet I had that calm, deep, blessed consciousness that I had deliberately stepped out—both feet—on the promises of God, and I had that glorious sense of satisfaction that comes to every heart that deliberately takes God at His word, and obeys to the very depths of one's soul the leadings of His blessed Spirit. That night the sacrifice was made, that night I yielded my all to God, to be His, to do just as He liked with.

Two or three months after, when talking with the General, the Spirit of God specially claimed the gift, and urged me to put in practice what I had promised God upon my knees that Sunday night, and blessed be God, I had the power to say, "Yes, Lord," and to follow Him fully. It was some little time after that the whole thing was settled. My path seemed to be hedged in somewhat; in fact, it seemed as if there were many difficulties that I could not overcome, and yet how blessedly I proved that, as I trusted God, He made the path clear for me, and as fast as I put one foot down in faith, he made a place for the next. And so, step by step, led on by the hand Divine, I found myself one morning, with all my little belongings packed together, starting away from home to take my first appointment as an officer in this great Salvation Army.

Having decided to leave all and follow God in mission work, I wrote to my spiritual father telling him of my determination, and received from him the following encouraging reply, dated September 3, 1877:

MY DEAR SON IN THE GOSPEL:

I cannot tell how my heart is cheered to find first one and then another of my spiritual children are going into *full* work for God. Nothing will cheer me more than to hear you are a *successful soul-saver*. I know you will receive the advice I am intending to give you; you cannot do better than read Paul's Epistle to Timothy. Timothy was Paul's son in the Gospel, and *all* the advice Paul gave to his son will be good for my son. Read it over and over again. You can read a few verses at a time, and commit all of it to memory in this way, but you will find *closet prayer* will be your best help. God will enlighten your mind on your knees in such a way that He will not anywhere else. Be determined to have *set times* for prayer, and set it down at the onset that *to be powerful you must be prayerful*. And while you are reading (and you must read) and getting all the knowledge you can, set it down that no amount of knowledge will ever make up for a lack of spiritual power, *and preach holiness*. You will be opposed, but you can afford that, and you will find that holy living will take you through all opposition.

PICKINGS.

BY PICKER.

It is some time since I picked my last batch of pickings. I have been asked by many whether I have backslidden from the dear old CRY.

—:—

Well, since last I wrote my title has changed from Captain Landers to Secretary Landers, of the Hamilton I. corps; owing to my dear wife's illness.

—:—

The rumor soon started as we returned home that two more broken down officers have been turned out without a cent or a home, which I publicly contradicted in the open-air. My wife and I were both saved in the Army, and will be Salvationists to the end.

—:—

Often have I heard dear Staff-Captain Sweetman say, "I am a Salvationist for life. If my strength gives out, and I cannot be an officer, I will go home and be a soldier; if my strength will not permit me doing a soldier's duty, I will lie on my back in bed and die a Salvationist."

—:—

"God bless you," said an officer attached to the Brigade Headquarters (and the grip of the hand felt as if he meant it). "Oh, how I do like to meet officers who have had to retire from the fight, and find them soldiers."

—:—

There are many of such fighting away at various corps who might drop a line to the dear old CRY once in a while, and let their old soldiers and friends know they are still true to God and the old ship.

—:—

I have had a chance to pick a few notes of late, so here they are:

—:—

A convert said: "An old chum tapped me on the back lately, and said, 'Say, old boy, how is it you dress so well these days?' I told him since I got saved I only have myself to keep, where before I had to keep the saloon keeper and his family also."

—:—

One in the sister's favor. A man asked me why it was whenever you see the picture of the devil it is always a man, and when you see the picture of an angel it is always a woman?

—:—

The epitaph on a man's tombstone by no means assures that he is at rest.

—:—

In a street car which sat a uniformed Salvation lassie, a gentleman picked up fifteen cents, which he pocketed on not being able to find an owner. A jovial passenger remarked that the money should be handed over to the Salvationist for WAR CRYS, or collection. The finder held back, so the speaker put it to a vote, asking all in the car in favor of the above to signify in the usual way. Almost every hand went up, so, of course, the motion being carried, the lassie got the money, which now jingles in a G. B. M. box.

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Many a man who asks God to lead him when he goes to a prayer meeting, suffers the devil to guide him when he goes to vote.

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"An elevator up Mount Calvary is in construction for the benefit of pilgrims." "Have you been to Calvary?" is often asked in our meetings to people who would spiritually like to take the elevator (nice and easy) instead of treading every step of the way.

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Voltaire, the great French infidel, said: "Christianity will die, and I will live to preach its funeral sermon." And yet we read the following statistics: At the beginning of the second century the number of Christ's followers was 500,000; in the time of Constantine, 200 years later, they had grown to 10,000,000; in the year 1,000 the number had grown to 50,000,000; in 1500, to 100,000,000; in 1800, to 200,000,000; in 1880, to 400,000,000, and the increase continues in the same ratio.

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A woman not understanding the various ranks in the S. A., dubbed one of our D.O's the "High-Sergeant."

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And yet some people scorn the idea of trying to raise such an enormous (!) sum of money to extend God's work in the Salvation Army. . . . In America twenty millions is spent in chewing gum alone; theatres, 350 millions; tobacco, 300 millions; liquor, 900 millions; 1,000,000 is spent on finger rings in Canada alone.

MRS. CAPTAIN FACEY sends a ballad embodying a touching incident of a girl who was saved through an Army bonnet, which appeared on the wharf where she stood friendless, tempted, and alone.

JAVA.

Leave All.

TUNE—*Annie Laurie.*

Oh, hear the voice of Jesus,
He's calling now to thee;
Wilt thou be My disciple?
Leave all and follow Me.

CHORUS.

Leave all and follow Me,
Leave all and follow Me;
Wilt thou be My disciple?
Leave all and follow me.

Will you go to Java's millions?
They long to hear of Me;
Go and tell them of Salvation,
Leave all and follow Me.

Hear a cry comes o'er the waters
There's no one cares for me;
I live in heathen darkness,
Did Jesus die for me?

Yes, we carry to the nations
A message, Lord, from Thee,
Go and tell them of Salvation,
Leave all and follow Thee.

CHORUS.

Leave all and follow Thee,
Leave all and follow Thee;
Yes, I'll be Thy disciple,
Leave all and follow Thee.

—*Pilgrim Nottingham.*

"I want you," said the Editor, "to write a column about Java for this CRY."

We took up the pen and cudgelled our brains. Java! Java! Why, of course; it's one of the places especially to be benefited in the year of the General's Jubilee. What else?

We laid the pen down again and proceeded to sound the memory of everybody who entered the office.

"What do you know about Java?" we demanded of the printer's boy.

"Nuthin'," was the prompt response.

"What do you know about Java?" we repeated to the artist. The artist guessed it was pretty hot, picturesque, somewhere in the direction of Asia.

The Printing Manager—who was anxious to keep awake at the all-night of prayer—said Java suggested coffee to him—just coffee and nothing else.

Brigadier de Barritt cautiously refused to commit himself, but promised to send a book; but instead of it came a little note to the effect that the only matter he had referring to Java was in Spanish.

The Commandant's Shorthand thought it was a Dutch possession. Somebody else had a hazy impression about volcanoes. The general public appeared in a deplorable condition of ignorance as to Java.

It is mortifying to find how much there is one does not know.

A memo from the Editor landed on the desk "See English *War Cry*, page 3, second column, re Java." We turned to the English *War Cry* and learnt all about it.

The chief event of the Jubilee Year in Holland will be the expedition to Java, for which our Dutch comrades have pledged themselves to find officers. We read:

"The population of Java is about twenty-four millions. The Western part is inhabited by Malay and Soudanese, the Malay language being used by the majority. Middle and East Java are inhabited by Javanese, the language being also Javanese. They are supposed to be of the Mahommedan religion; but in reality there are more Buddhists and heathen than followers of the prophet. Mohammedanism does not seem to properly take root among them; they are probably waiting for something better. The Javanese are good husbandmen, husbandry being the principal industry. They are of very submissive natures and meek, and also a sorrowful race. Their music is like wails of woe, as if they had no hope. They are not prejudiced against Europeans, and if a European would deign to come down to them, they would love him and accept his teaching. They are inclined to superstition, being always in fear of spirits and devils.

The ground is possessed by the community, each man having a share, and they are ordinarily tolerably comfortable. But when famines occur many die of starvation, for the Government employs them to work upon the coffee plantations, and so their own land is neglected. When work is poor, they can scarcely earn enough to keep them alive. They are apathetic on account of their religious condition; but when there is any motive for exertion there is great hope for them, for they are not lazy. They are really heart-starved.

"The families live in bamboo houses, roofed with palm leaves, which contain generally two rooms. They sleep on a kind of bamboo divan with a mat upon it. Generally, a whole family sleep in one room. The caste system does not prevail here as in British India; there are only common people and the nobility. Bamboo is the chief building material used, even bridges being formed of it.

Java is a Dutch possession, and governed by a Dutch Governor-General, who has under him twenty-five residents, or district governors, Java being divided into that number of districts. It is governed on the Salvation Army principle. Each district governor has from four to six native regents under him. The dress is Eastern, but native officials' uniform is semi-European. The missionaries, from Holland and Germany, have not much success; they preach to the people, but let them always feel that there is a difference between the Europeans and the natives; they don't come down to them. There have been difficulties, because the Government has allowed more liberty to Mohammedans than to Christians; but the missionary societies have united in an appeal to Holland's Queen to withdraw all obstacles to the Christian propaganda.

"There is a great deal of dormant power and ability about the Javanese. When they are going to work a rice-field they pray this prayer, believing that everything, even a field, has a soul: "Guardian spirits of my rice-fields, I go to work this spot. Father Adam and Mother Eve, I ask for food and dress." They then percusse the field and speak in its place; "My body, carve it; plant me with seed; I take it in me; let it become food and dress for you." They have a prayer for everything they start to perform. All know that there is one God, but all pray to a host of gods, spirits, etc., their religion being such a mixture.

It is certain that if the Salvation Army goes in and works on the same principle as in British India—that is, without separation from the people—they will make strong headway. The natives become much attached to those who treat them kindly. They cannot be compared with any other native tribe; but are very original. They give but little attention to European invention and civilisation, and are more open for spiritual things. There are hundreds of tribes in Dutch East India, and if Java were opened, the work could extend in all directions."

It is said that at the World's Fair the deepest note of the whole was touched in the Javanese Theatre—a boom that impressed the hearer at a distance as if it were the vibration of some great musical string.

In the centre of the settlement was a large native structure made of bamboo, with thatched roof, from which continuously issued the deep sounds of strange instruments, and in tone and monotonous, but always liquid and harmonious.

There is something very sad and sweet about the little Javan people, and they are lovers of their own music.

The cottages are built on stilts to discourage the visits of serpents and other creeping things, and to avoid the dampness of a tropic soil. At night the little Javans sit on their doorsteps and play their low instruments, deepening the sadness of the night.

God speed the Army "in the very centre of the region of lively volcanoes," even though they should be swamped in lava once a year or so.

S. E. O. SPEAKS.

Our Sergeant-Major when he rose last Sunday, said he had not got a sermon prepared, but had the text all right: "I'm glad I'm saved."

I thought it was as plain and easy to be understood, and at the same time as forcible as a text could be. After all, what is more simple, and yet impressive? What goes home to the heart, and cuts and sets people thinking more than a clear, definite testimony to the saving and keeping from sin by the Blood of Jesus, and the power of the Holy Ghost? Why? Because it means a great deal. When a comrade says God has kept him from sin during the day or week, and that he is pure in the sight of God, some would think that was a daring assertion to make. Well we know the temptations he has had to face; well we and everyone else know that the devil has tried him sorely, for we know he leaves none alone. The allurements of the world, the temptations to consider self and selfish interests. Well we know that to stand at the end of the day and look back at the conflict, and realize that perfect victory has been ours, means something. Thank God, not more than He is able to do for us.

What cheers the heart of the officers and soldiers, what reassures and increases the confidence of the people, what strikes home to the heart of the sinner, like hearing a young convert declare, looking the crowd straight in the face, that God has changed his heart and life, and saved him from his sins?

A short time ago, there appeared in the WAR CRY, a clear, simple testimony of only a few words. A lad, a poor, discouraged backslider, noticed it. Over and over again he read it. He cut it out, and took it to his brother, a well saved young convert, and asked, "Can you truthfully say that?" The brother read it, went to his room, and read it again on his knees, prayed over it, came back, and said quietly and solemnly, "I can say that."

Who can measure the good done by that simple declaration of God's power to save and to keep?

Oh, it means a great deal to say, "God saves and keeps me from sin." But it is an easy thing for God to do, and thousands weekly in our dear Army testify to it!

Oh, converts, new beginners, don't be discouraged if you can't speak like some, or give an eloquent testimony. Tell the people in a simple, straightforward manner what God has done and is doing for you, trusting His Holy Spirit to make it a blessing, if it is only, "I thank God I'm saved."

S. E. O.

The wife of a drunkard in Ottawa, Ohio, has won three civil damage suits against saloons for 1,000, 550 and 200 dollars.

AN Indian king recently sentenced a gate-keeper to four hours hard work for allowing a mad dog to disturb the slumbers of a party of Salvationists.

MARY BREMNER, Halifax I.

The champion *Young Soldier* boomer, who sells fifty copies every week. God bless her!

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

He who would preach Christ must live Christ.

The debt habit is the twin brother of poverty.

The devil delights in the primrose path of procrastination.

Sinning makes you leave off praying, and praying makes you leave off sinning.

The end of learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love Him.—MILTON.

The most modest little pond can reflect a picture of the sun, if it is absolutely at rest in itself.—CARLYLE.

He who bridles the fury of the billows knows also how to put a stop to the secret plans of the wicked.

THEY who trust in God put off their own weakness, and take in exchange the strength of God.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

Few persons have sufficient wisdom to prefer censure, which is useful to them, to praise, which deceives them.

Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer great sorrows.

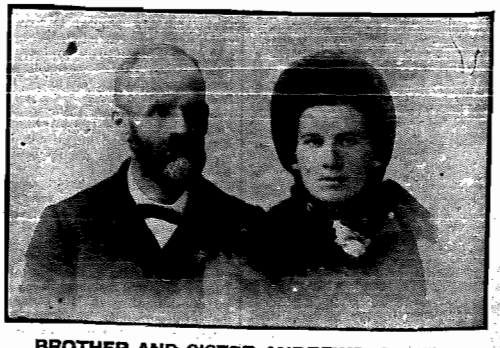
God, by His providence, says to each of us to-day: "I give you a clean new book. Write your biography." What will you write to-day?

Kind looks, kind words, kind acts, and warm handshakes—these are the secondary means of grace when men are in trouble and are fighting their unseen battles.

Adversity often turns out to be prosperity. Jesus is the Alpha not only, but the Omega also, in all Providence. Wait till you see the end before you complain against God.

Only in the sacredness of inward silence does the soul truly meet the secret-biding God. The strength of resolve is the fruit of those sacred, solitary moments when we meet God alone.

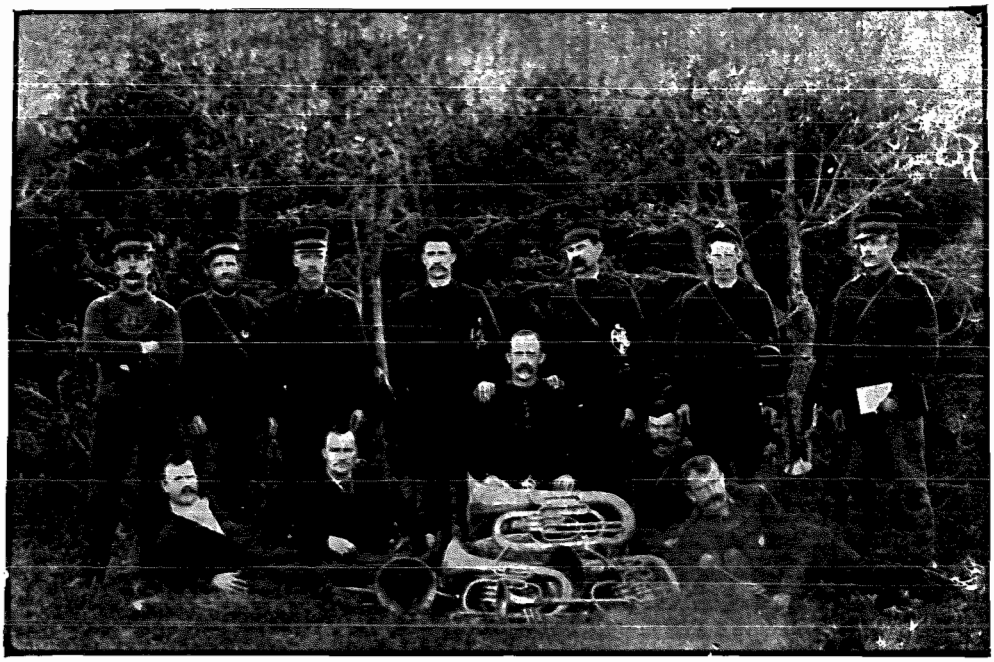
Unload your sins at the Cross of Christ. There only can they be washed away, and your soul be made safe. Unload your spirit of neglect. Opportunities enough have been lost. Lose no more. Undo all wrong as far as can be, and start on to win a new character—one for fidelity to Christ and to every Christian duty.



BROTHER AND SISTER ANDREWS, Oakville.

Married in the Jubilee Year.

It is nine years since Brother Andrews first became a soldier.



Adjutant Walter Archibald, with his Hallelujah Band, had a Field Day, at Oak Bay. The crowd threw $25.25 on the drumhead in the afternoon in five minutes. The Adjutant says: "This collection did not last over five minutes. It was all given in silver, as we have no coppers in this country. If they did have them I do not think one would be offered to the Salvation Army, for they love a 'silver collection' here in Victoria. The meetings were mighty seasons of blessing."

THE DEVIL'S CRADLE.

"Lord, rock us in Thy cradle."

So spoke a little child, the leader in prayer of a group of little ones who were overheard praying.

It is a beautiful thought, and may the desire which it studiously expresses be the continual desire of every heart.

But the devil also has a cradle in which, with cruel craft, he lulls to sleep the ruined victims of his wiles.

Alas for the myriads that are sound asleep in the devil's cradle! The whole world lieth in wickedness (I. John v. 19), and lieth sound asleep (I. Thess. i. 5, 6). Despite of all appearance to the contrary, despite of steam and telegraph, of feverish haste and bustle, there are men, everywhere, rocked in deepest slumbers, and all these seeming activities are only the idle dreams with which he is diverted during his brief hour of guilty sloth. The wily destroyer spares no pains to keep the sleep unbroken that thus he may be at peace.

Ah! Christian soldiers, let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober. If we keep awake it is neither for want of a sleepard's couch beside us, nor of a cunning tempter coaxing us to try its softness. He spreads his downiest pillows for believers, and smiles his sweetest smile as he persuades us to rest a little from our watching and toil.

Full well he knows no earthly weapon serves his frightful purpose half so effectively as does a sleeping saint, and therefore no stone is left unturned to get us into his cradle fast asleep. Alas for those who listen to his

Sugared Lies!

He soon makes mournful work of them, and many have found it far harder to get out of his cradle when once they were in it, than they found it to escape from his prison-house at first. No past experience of the need of the blessedness of watching will preserve us. Look at Noah! Trained by bitter discipline through centuries to watch, yet tempted at last into the devil's cradle, and is seen, after a little rocking, a spectacle of shame within his tent. Look, too, at Lot. In filthy Sodom his righteous soul was daily vexed, but a little of the devil's cradle so soon caused him to turn aside.

No urgency of danger will keep us awake.

When once Jonah lay down in the devil's cradle. The tempest that could startle even heathen sailors could not disturb his callous slumbers. David, alas! even he was seduced into the cradle, and looking, half asleep, over its edge, he saw what drew him on to awful crime.

No degree of natural wisdom will suffice to keep us awake.

Solomon was tempted to lay his head down on Satan's pillow, and, alas! we know the sad result.

So daring is Satan that he tried to get even the Lord Jesus Christ to lie down in his cradle; yes, and to tempt Him to it he succeeded in getting the use of the apostle's tongue. Then Peter took Him, and began to rebuke Him, saying. "Pity Thyself, Lord; this shall not be unto Thee."

The snare, of course, was in a moment detected and He said, "Get behind Me, Satan."

Who of us then can hope to escape his assaults? We err if we think that Satan's great work is among the myriads of godless souls. These he leads captive at his will. The whole earth lieth, as it were, in the arms of the evil one—in his cradle; but it is among God's children that the great skill of the enemy himself, and his unnumbered agents are expended.

In past ages he has sought to terrify the heavenly pilgrims by his wanton cruelties and his lion-like roaring. These, however, have failed; so now, in our land at least, he changes his plans, while his nature is unchanged, and seeks to gain, by

Flatteries and Sweet Words,

what he has failed in getting by his utmost force. For the present, among us, he has quenched his fires and thrown aside his rocks and gibbets, but with malignity as malicious as ever, and with craft far more perilous to us, uses as his instrument of mischief a harmless looking and well-cushioned cradle.

He always was and always will be a murderer and liar, and he is never more murderous or more false than when he seems most fair.

Perhaps one of the most unwholesome features of the present day is the too general ignoring of satanic power and craft.

Throughout the New Testament, and in the experience of our godly fathers we find Satan's power continually recognised as a something with which they are distressingly familiar.

He is as busy with the children of God as ever. To some he offers what seems to be the very bread of life, only he mixes some of his soothing draught in it, and the hopeless eater is soon asleep in the devil's cradle.

Let no one hope to escape notice among the crowd, whether he be high or low. Satan has a sharp eye on each of us, and has considered us as carefully as he considered God's servant, Job. No physician ever investigated all the symptoms of a patient's case with half the care that Satan has expended in the searching of you and me.

He knows us well, and he will spare no pains to make his knowledge of our weak points ruinously available. Our earthly comforts he will use to ensnare us into fleshly ease, and put us thereby asleep. He will try even to use our spiritual comforts to seduce us. He can make

A Lullaby Song

out of the believer's unbounded privileges, and keep him singing about his heavenly home, while all the time he holds back the view of present duties and awful responsibilities, till the ease-loving heart droops over lulled to sleep. He works and wriggles through everything, and works everywhere. If he once gets a soul under his influence, who can tell how far his power may go? The soul passes rapidly down through growing langor towards utter death, until it becomes a complete spiritual iceburg. To man's eyes indeed the branch may still retain some of its green leaves upon it, but it seldom now strikes a blossom, and never, never bears a grape.

Meanwhile, as spiritual joy declines, the love of fleshly ease and comfort increases, for there is nothing else to fill the empty heart. The daily cross, felt to be a burden, is quietly laid down, and the pilgrim-spirit of self-denial is completely abandoned.

Comrades, this is what Satan aims at with you and with me when he tempts us to rest in his sleepard's cradle.

Let us be aware of our danger; let us realize our helplessness; but at the same time let us not fail to realize the grace and love and Almighty power of our divine Helper.

We are not the children of night, but children of the day; why then should we sleep? We are Christ's watchmen. There is a sweet repose prepared for the warriors of the Cross when our day of battle is over; then why should we think of sleeping now? Sleep in the midst of a battle! Sleep when the whole world is sleeping around us!

THE TRUE VINE.

The God-life to us is as a tree or vine flourishing in the ground. The ground representing God, the great source of sustenance; the root representing great source, which sendeth forth the life through the True Vine, which is the Son of God; the sap representing the Spirit that fills it everywhere; the sap gives life, leaf, and bloom, so God's Spirit penetrates our very being, causing the life of Christ to show itself in us, as the leaf upon the tree shows the life there. Praise Him Who is the Saviour of all men, especially of those who believe. "The manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal." Consequently all the spirit of life is shown in man as the tree with leaves only, but those who receive the Spirit to profit are those whose fruit is found upon it, that Christ allows to remain, not plucked and cast away as useless. Thus our efforts are useless, unless sent of the Spirit.

Since the great Atonement, sin was put away, the veil was rent, and we enter in, and have eternal life by the redemption procured on the Cross of Calvary by the sacrifice of the dear Son of God once, and for all, and for ever.

MRS. E. CRUMP.

Morrisburg.—Captain Brindley is still bravely fighting away here. Our motto is: "Never say die, victory is sure."

Adjutant Taylor led a very blessed soldiers' meeting on Monday night, also a public meeting on Wednesday night.

On Sunday, God's presence and power were made manifest. In the afternoon we noticed one man wiping the tears from his eyes, as his daughter stood on the platform and sang,

"Should the death-angel knock at your chamber."

Soldiers are going in for more blood-and-fire and unity, and we dare believe for a break in the enemy's ranks soon.—KITTIE WHITTEKER.

Mitchell.—After almost five months in Mitchell, we say good-bye to the dear comrades and friends whom we have learned to love during our stay here. We have had good times in this place. Souls have been saved and are doing well. To God we give all the glory.—Captain SAYER, Lieutenant HOLLETT.

Calgary, Alta.—TWO souls since last report. Last Saturday night, we had a special meeting, "From the Manger to the Throne." It was very good, considering a number of our comrades who would have taken part, were in the country. Those who were here did very well.

Monday evening we had some of Calgary's prominent men on the platform, who spoke of the work of the General and the Army. Mr. Patton liked the work the Army was doing, especially the open-air work. Mr. McDonald spoke of the part the women took in the great war, dwelling especially on the work of Mrs. General Booth. Mr. Cushing spoke of how he had been helped spiritually by the Army; the first meeting he attended being knee-drill, seven o'clock a.m. Rev. W. G. Dean told us how for some time before the Army came to Canada, he had read of their work in other lands. He believed he had a little fear about speaking in an Army meeting; he was afraid he could not keep up steam. He dealt very earnestly with the unsaved, also urged every Christian to be more zealous for God and souls.

We all went home feeling it was good to have been there.—Captain M. COWAN, Lieutenant KEMP.

Galt.—Since last report, we had Brigadier Margetts with us for special meeting. Some straight talk was given to those who are still unsaved, and good counsel was given to soldiers and Christians. A new flag was presented to the corps by the Brigadier, and best of all, seven men and women were enrolled under its colors to fight in the Salvation Army. We praise God that not only are we getting people saved, but we rejoice that we are having so many to join themselves with the organization that we so dearly love, and where we have such grand privileges to work for God.

We have just started our meetings on Sunday afternoon in the park, where we have been requested by the people of the town to hold meetings. Things look bright for our summer campaign. Our prayer is, "Lord save souls."—Captain BUTLEDGE.

Toronto Cadets in Session.

The Cadets' sessions of Tuesday and Thursday, 5th and 7th June, led by Brigadier de Barritt, were of a very practical and helpful character.

On the first day the Brigadier dictated some very comprehensive questions, the answer to each one to be written by every Cadet, signed and numbered, and passed on to the Brigadier, who read them aloud, correcting and explaining any error. The whole day was devoted to this work, and it was no fault of the Brigadier if, by the end of the afternoon, each cadet was not considerably wiser than before.

On Thursday, Brigadier gave the Cadets a practical lecture on finance, keeping of corps' books, etc., which, with the help of the black-board, was made very clear.

Below are a few of the questions given on the Tuesday:

1. What is the present system of reporting in Canada?
2. What is the duty of a Field Officer towards the Junior Soldier work, and how can he best make this successful?
3. What are the qualifications of a successful Field Officer?
4. Give a few points as to the successful getting up of a demonstration.
5. What does the Salvation Army teach with reference to a clean heart?
6. Give a brief history of the Salvation Army?
7. What is a Circle Corps?
8. What is the difference between an Outpost and a Circle Corps?
9. What is the rule and regulation with reference to farewells, appointments, by whom sent, etc.?
10. Can you keep a set of corps' books?
11. Why is it undesirable to meet at the barracks for open-air?

Although the time was mainly devoted to these business details, yet the presence of God was felt in our midst, and we all returned home feeling in every way better fitted for the work that lies before us.

A. W. BARBER.

Bridgetown.—After a stay of six months in Yarmouth with Ensign Gage and wife, which I could not help but enjoy very much, for we had some blessed times there with the comrades and friends, I received orders for this beautiful spot down in the valley, and it is beautiful, especially this time of year. We have some comrades here who are in for doing God's will, living good; therefore, bringing forth good fruit.—Captain KNIGHT.

Summerside.—We are still fighting here in Summerside and believing for victory. We have had a visit from Ensign Hughes, our District Officer, also some other officers who have been here resting.

We have said good-bye to Captain and Mrs. Hoar and have welcomed Captain Penny into our midst. Since she has taken charge, we have seen a few souls at the CROSS. Hallelujah! We are still believing for more to follow. We know that while we live near to Jesus and do His will that victory is sure.—M. GAMBLE.

Paris.—We are still pounding away at the old devil. We take great pleasure in joining hand in hand with our dear General in this Jubilee Year and doing our best for the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. We say twenty times "God bless you, and may you live to lead on the fight for fifty years more." We have just ended our three days' Jubilee meetings and flower festival. It has been a blessed time. ONE soul got beautifully saved, and came through shouting. We enrolled three soldiers on Sunday afternoon. We have a fine lot of sisters in this corps; you just ought to see them march out; but the brothers are getting there; they are not far behind. The floral meeting on Sunday night was a beauty. One man said it was the best he was ever at in the Salvation Army, but the musical meeting on Monday was the time. We have raised a nice bit for the Jubilee scheme. Paris for Jesus.—Captain COCKERILL.

Brandon.—After six months' fight in Carberry, orders come for Brandon to assist Adjutant Magee in Garrison and corps. This has been an old battlefield of mine, having put in over ten months in Brandon some six years ago. Some of the old warriors are standing true, and there is some new blood. Some five or six have come out since I have come here.

We had two days' of proper open-air work on the 24th and 25th of May, and on the following Sunday we commenced at seven a.m., and meetings were kept going until 10:30 p.m., with ONE soul out at night. Also on Friday night holiness meeting. God came very near, and one Methodist sister, who was not sanctified, gave herself wholly to God, and after a hard struggle God gave her liberty. Praise Him. I was glad to grasp Father Kilfoil's hand again. He is an old warrior with white hair and a voice that can wake up the dead. I believe he is near eighty years of age, but a real soldier.—Captain SMITH.

GREAT MEN ON GREAT MATTERS.

THE REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR,
Author of "The Tongue of Fire,"

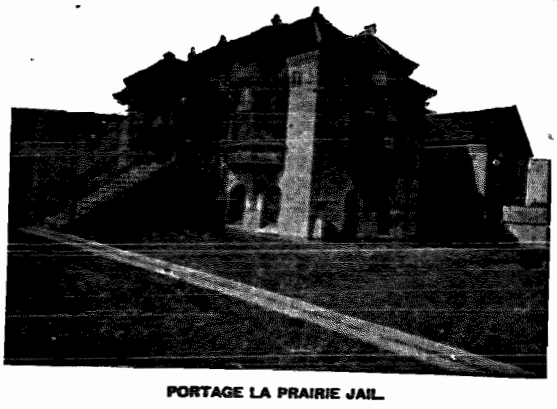
— ON —

HUMAN DEPRAVITY.

Man is the only being coming within our knowled e who has a nature that is plainly unnatural. This language is not paradoxical for the sake of paradox, but for the sake of strictly describing a mournful fact. Is a nature natural which can be changed without destroying the identity? That of man can be changed, and not only leave his identity perfect, but restore the course of a higher, and evidently an older, nature than the one which had previously reigned. Is a nature natural which urges toward courses which blight and ruin? Human nature, when least affected by culture, in the loneliest and loveliest islands of unfrequented seas, urges to courses of headlong ruin and destruction. In the highest seats of civilization, it urges men to neglect the God of all, though they believe that to Him they are indebted for being, reason, and joy, and on Him are dependent for their continuance; urges them to neglect objects which they believe to be truly noble and of eternal utility, for pleasures which they cannot help despising, and for gains which they know are neither honorable nor lasting. In proof of this, more than enough is said by the simple words, London, Paris, Rome. Yet while their nature is thus over-riding their true dignity, true happiness, and true interest, a voice within, as if of a friend who has survived from better days, is ever protesting against this monstrous condition of things, and averring that this nature is not nature.

There is not a beast of the field but may trust his nature and follow it, certain that it will lead him to the best of which he is capable. But as for us, our only invincible enemy is our nature: were it sound, we could hold circumstances as lightly as Samson's withs; but it is evermore betraying us. Often when we honestly meant to be good and noble, our miserable nature, at the first favorable juncture of circumstances, betrayed us again, and we found ourselves falling by our own hands, and bitterly felt that we were our own enemies. Heal us at the heart, and then let the world come on! we are ready for the conflict. Make us sound within, and we shall stand in the evil day. We can defy circumstances, and resist the devil, if only our own breast become not a hold of traitors; if inclinations, silent, subtle, and strong as nature, do not arise to beguile us into captivity to evil.

You tell us to withstand these inclinations, not to yield to our impulses, but to subject them to reason; that is, not to follow nature, which is inward and impulsive, but to be guided by external indexes which Observation notes, Reason interprets, and Will may apply to the control of nature. That, in fact, is saying, "Do not live by your nature, but resist your nature." What a world of appalling truth comes in with that one admonition! My nature not a nature to live by! Self-regard putting me on the watch against nature! A nature, and that the highest nature in this terrestial system, self-injurious! This is not Thy handiwork, O Eternal Parent, Author of order, beauty, and love; Creator of natures, each of which is in unison with itself, and in harmony with all Thy other creatures! What has happened since man first left Thy hand?



PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE JAIL.

Meeting in a Jail.

One of the most interesting of the nine Sunday meetings at Portage la Prairie was the one held in the jail by Major and Mrs. Read, and several officers and soldiers.

The morning was a beautiful sunshiny one; but, oh! how the brightness seemed to fade away as we entered the cages with our brothers fastened in behind the bars, reminded one of a lot of animals in cages. Such a sad feeling came over us to see these men shut in there away from the beautiful world. The cells were arranged in the centre of the room in a square, eight cells in all, with about a dozen men in them.

The men were not allowed to come out of their cages, and as the cells are open bars we gathered around two sides of them and held the meeting. We sang Army songs, the prisoners having the song books accompanied us, one of them singing a solo. Two of the prisoners testified to having found salvation while in jail. One or two others professed to have got saved while they have been there. The whole lot of the men knelt when we prayed, and gave the greatest of attention to all that was said and done, and seemed so pleased to have us come and cheer them up. One dear young fellow seemed heartbroken, and the tears ran down his face as he told us of having just come in two days previous and had to spend two years in there for some crime, which he said he would not tell us. One fellow's term would be up in four or five days, and he said he was coming to the Army lead a new life.

Our comrades hold a meeting here every Sunday a.m.

F.E.S.

Two Saved in the Jail.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.—God is still showing Himself strong on our behalf, and making bare His arm in saving and sanctifying the people. On the Queen's Birthday, while the town was cast into gloom over the death of a young man who jumped off the excursion train and rolled under the wheels, where his poor body was mangled in a terrible condition, God enabled us to buckle on the Gospel armor and advance on the devil's strongholds. Four different open-air engagements took place and three in-door meetings, and the result was three precious souls at the Cross.

At the meeting in the jail on Sunday, two of those dear prisoners professed to get converted. At the close of the meeting Mrs. E. invited any of those who wished to get saved to leave the back of their cells and come and kneel at the door. Two accepted the invitation and were faithfully dealt with and professed to get saved. Hallelujah!

Sunday night. Just closed a hard day's fight. Good meetings outside and in, and good crowds and fair collections, but none to yield in the barracks meetings; but at the jail, Mrs. Elliott went down this morning and after the meeting proper she had a kind of prayer meeting, and for a penitent-form she asked the prisoners if any of them were anxious to get saved to come and kneel down at the door of their cell, and two of the dear fellows came and knelt at their doors where they were dealt with and professed to have got through.

Captain JOE ELLIOTT.

St. John I., N.B.—Since we arrived here (May 24th), God has been blessing us. We finished last Sunday's meetings, after a hard battle, with FOUR souls seeking the pardon of God. We are believing for still greater things.—Captain DYAS, Lieutenants SMITH and LORIMER.

Yarmouth, N.S.—We have arrived safe in Yarmouth, and found the soldiers in good spirits, and we expect a great fire in the coming months—the fire of the Holy Ghost—to show its flame through the hearts of men and women in Yarmouth.—Captain CURRY.

Fredericton Training Garrison.—Thirsting for souls on Sunday. It was our first here, and a glorious time to our souls. From the beginning we believed victory was ours. Glory to God. Morning and afternoon was a time when we partook of the good things from the Lord's table. Ensign Williams was with us at night, and the Lord made her a great blessing to us all as she read from Proverbs and talked of life and death. Captain Byers started to pull in, and for some time in the prayer meeting no move was made, but a break came, hallelujah, until we counted five at the mercy-seat. Good crowds all day; WAR CRYS sold out. We are waiting on the Lord for big things in this place. The Lord turned the hallelujah current on. We had a real Salvation Army wind-up, rejoicing and giving God the glory for having taken unto Himself NINE precious souls to-day, who claimed the power to live better in the future.—Cadet LECOCQ.

Portage la Prairie.—Prospects still bright. ANOTHER soul saved in the gaol on Sunday morning. Nine out seeking a deeper work of grace in their hearts; soldiers on fire for souls; big marches; big open-airs; good crowds inside; Gospel shot taking effect; many deeply convicted; believing that ere long they will not only be *almost*, but *fully* persuaded. Jubilee scheme a success so far; message sheets taking fairly well. Jubilee meeting in Town Hall last night. The crowd was not large, but a blessed meeting was held. Our old friend, Rev. Finn, took the chair; Rev. A. W. Rees also was with us on the platform, and spoke with telling effect on the terrible need there is to-day for putting forth extra effort to stem the tide of sin and bring the lost to the bleeding feet of Jesus. Look out for Jubilee returns from Portage.—Captain and Mrs. JOE ELLIOTT, Lieutenant ORR.

Kingston.—Ward system. Educational Ward, in charge of Sergeant Mrs. Randall, has had some good visiting; also three cottage meetings. Attendance, first one, twelve; second, fourteen (conviction in both), but the third, how shall I describe it? Twelve present, seven saved, and five unsaved. We took hold of God in faith, and the result was the whole five got saved. You ask, "Were they in earnest?" Well, if you had been there and saw them weeping, you would not have doubted. While they were seeking the comrades were crying, laughing, and praying; a time of real rejoicing. What do you think, Editor, hadn't we a right to rejoice—five in one little meeting left the ranks of sin and Satan and came over on the Lord's side. Some new soldiers in the near future. Hallelujah! Educational Ward has now changed sergeants. Sergeant Wheelock takes Sergeant Randall's ward.—MARY BOYD for Sergeant MRS. RANDALL.

Acadia Mines, N. S.—After five months and a half fighting in this place, farewell orders have been received. We thank God for the victories won, but our hearts are sad to leave so many people in sin. We leave them in the hands of God, feeling we have done our best in warning them to prepare for death, and still praying that they shall leave their lives of sin.

Last Wednesday night, at LONDONDERRY (our outpost), we had the joy of seeing a dear sister kneel at the Cross for mercy; we have not a doubt but that she got properly saved. On Thursday night we drove nine miles to Westchester Mountain. We had a blessed time. They are a proper lot of people there. They helped us well financially, which was very much needed. One old gentleman never heard such music as the drum. May they all be saved ere long!—Lieutenant FANCY for Captain SABINE.

Selkirk.—Our Jubilee meetings were a grand success. God bless every effort to make them such. Lieutenant Green was here, and helped to down the devil; also, three of the Winnipeg boys came to give us a lift—and they can do it—Bandsmen Habkirk and Bailey, with their musical instruments, and our happy Bob Stuart, the drummer.

Sunday's meetings were beautiful. FOUR sought salvation at the wind-up, when many danced for joy over the victory.

Monday night's musical blizzard was a tip-top affair, after which, an ice cream supper was partaken of by a great number of people. God bless the dear General, so say the Selkirk braves. We cleared $76.55 after all expenses were paid.—Captain GOODING.

East Ontario Province

BRIGADIER SCOTT.

Still on the go! No rest for the wicked, and the righteous have not time. The King's business requires haste. Haste, speed, go, dash, vim, and —— Well, anything to get souls.

TRENTON.—We left off at Cobourg last week. Trenton came next. What a walk to the town from the station. Good gracious, but we did get tired! What with valises, banjos, cornet, etc., we had a load, yet we got there, and praised God in our own peculiar way.

We had a good crowd in the open-air; we really felt like staying there longer, but time to be at the barracks came flashing before us, and off we go, arriving at the Salvation store in due time.

No, not quite packed out, there was plenty of room for a few more, yet we had a good pitch in and rejoiced over one soul seeking and finding God. Hallelujah! Eight more expressed a desire to be saved. Keep on believing, Captain Yerex, there's victory even for Trenton.

Business took us to Belleville on the midnight. What a job to rouse up the "Wiseman!" Still I hardly think him as bad as the assistant. However, we got in at last, waded through business, caught the 6:25 a. m. for Kingston. Led the soldiers' meeting at night.

One brother got the glory, and "hooped her up" in great shape. Well done. *Re* Ward System, one sister said in testifying, "We had *four* souls in our cottage meeting the other night." And the four were present, and gave good experiences.

"More light for the fight,"

we sang until further orders. Light did come, also blessing and joy. Glory to the Lamb! God will give light if we obey. Our feet shall tread the narrow way, and walk up and down new streets in the divine life.

The steamer "Maud" was engaged for a trip down the Thousand Islands, and the next day (Wednesday) saw a good crowd on board and sailing out of harbor while the band furnished excellent music. A call at Gananoque brought on more "Sals." Meetings were held on board, and all through a good afternoon was put in.

Thursday at Odessa. Business during the day. Arriving at Odessa we found the comrades on their knees in front of an hotel. We rejoiced in their pluck and dare-devilism to go and open fire on the hell-traps of damnation. God and the Army want people who are for all and all for God.

We put in two meetings. Ensign McGillivray read the lesson. Counter attractions made him get a move on. He got there, and soon all cries, solos, etc., were over. We cut the public meeting short in order to meet the soldiers.

A barracks is wanted. Can we build? A lot is already secured. What is now wanted is the lumber, labor, nails, etc., etc. Here's a scheme, and Odessa will see it through; this is now up for consideration; decision will speedily be given; then, oh, then, we shall need to get a "hustle on."

A barracks was talked over; principle of Army property. Question of rent was fully threshed out and unanimously accepted by the comrades. We got through about eleven p.m., landing home near two in the morning.

Friday night at Belleville. Ensign McDonald came over to see and to be seen. We had a meeting, yes, a meeting. Query: What could it have been to what it was? I presume this applies to most meetings all round. Oh, my comrades, for whole-hearted singing, praying, and wrestling with God for a baptism of Holy Ghost!

We need the Holy Ghost. What good are we without this? Sing we may, pray and talk, but if we have not love, "we are as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

I am now in the quarters at Deseronto waiting for the boat to Picton, where I put in the Sunday. Lieutenants Bird and Carter are all here. Just now they are trying to fix up the big drum, have been washing its head, polishing up the rim, etc. It will present a much better appearance, and be beat for the glory of God and souls.

Expectations are high for the Congress. Oh, for a mighty outpouring of God's Spirit upon us all—a real awakening. "Righteousness exalteth a nation," and it will exalt Canada. Hallelujah!

Another pen will report Bloomfield and Picton. Yours truly must step with hearty Salvation greetings to all, and one good big hallelujah!

GET THERE.

Mrs. Ensign Phillips was engaged in selling WAR CRYS at Hamilton recently. In reply to her offer a city editor said—

"No, I'll not buy one; I don't think I want a CRY."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Phillips, we might justly say, "buy one, sir, if only to find if there are any mistakes."

The Editor complied instanter.

Eastern Province Notes.

BY BRIGADIER C. T. JACOBS.

The Eastern notes have failed to connect of late; the many schemes have put them in the shade. Now it seems that they may have a life yet.

Since the Commandant was East, we have had a run, hunted after candidates, did some meetings, got a few souls saved, and two people married. We visited Moncton, Summerside, and Charlottetown. Summerside has just changed officers; Captain Penney has taken charge.

Visited New Glasgow for the Jubilee night, did Pictou next night; got Captain Pelley and Lieutenant White well married; made some good arrangements for the summer campaign; have prayed and believed about it, and of course, something is going to happen.

Now for business. Last year we did a little with tent meetings; it was altogether new in in the Salvation Army in these parts; some mistakes, of course, were made, but we learned a great deal. We had two medium sized tents in the field. This year Ensign Bradley will use one, and the other one will be in the western counties of Nova Scotia.

The Lord came to our help very nicely about a large tent we were needing; another tent, a much larger one for big campaigns. Just as we were praying over the business, a letter comes from our friend, Rev. Mr. Maikle, who is on Auxiliary, offering his large tent for a very small sum. This we have secured. It will hold a thousand and over.

Campaigns up to the present have been planned at Partridge Island, Fredericton, Yarmouth, Annapolis, Truro, Moncton, and Sussex. The first of these is for the day only; nevertheless, it is important. How shall I spend Dominion Day? is oftentimes the vexed question. Well, here you are, just the thing.

The mayor of St. John has kindly granted us the use of Partridge Island. Up will go the tent; meetings will be held in it. You need not fear wet weather; we will put up the tent a day or two ahead if it rains. We are still all right. We will have a profitable day and an enjoyable day, all for the glory of God. The steamer *Lillie* will be running every hour. If you can only stay half the day, well put it in, better a half day than none.

It is well known that our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, live on the island. They will be very kind to us; will show us the mysteries of the fog whistle, keep us all nicely in order. We will all keep out of his hay field. We don't desire to eat grass, and it will do none of us any good to tread down the same.

It is not going to be a day merely of holiday-making; it will be the day before the great International demonstration in the Crystal Palace. We will be doing our best to win souls and get other souls saved. Every St. John soldier should try and make it convenient to be there.

Now, here's something else. I notice that our people want a change in the summer. A few days off from work, go up the country to see their auntie, or their grandfather, or somebody else; so far, so good. But why go there? Why not get them to come and see you, arrange to come to some of the camp meetings; invite them to come and see you there?

We will begin with St. John soldiers. Where can they go? Here you are: Special meeting at Fredericton on July 7, 8, 9, and 10, on the river boats. The fare is only $1 for return. All kinds of meetings will be held. The city will be thoroughly aroused. Any souls, did you ask? Yes, without a doubt, there will be a great ingathering of precious souls. Forerunner announcements have gone forth already.

Woodstock, unfortunately, does not come in for as great a share of special goes as some corps. There is reason for it—the distance is so great. Now if it is not possible to get a big go at Woodstock, one thing is possible, that is for Woodstock to come down to Fredericton.

You can arrange a little party, and apply to the railway company for a special rate. Come and get your soul blessed. Come in faith. Just look here; is not this a good Sunday's work?

6:30 a.m., Knee-Drill.
9:00 a.m., Love Feast.
11:00 a.m., Holiness Convention.
2:00 p.m., Open-Air Demonstration.
3:00 p.m., Salvation.
4:30 p.m., Men's Meeting.
6:30 p.m., Women's Meeting.
7:30 p.m., Open-Air Demonstration.
8:00 p.m., Salvation Charge.
Monday and Tuesday, all day, hot and heavy.

Next week you may expect to hear something of Yarmouth. Ensign Gage's faith is very high; so is mine. We are just off for the June Congress. Everybody look out when we get back. What with new plans and schemes, I hope the devil won't get a ghost of a chance.

Coming Events

THE EASTERN PROVINCE.

Brigadier Jacobs.—Just the thing for St. John. By the kind permission of the mayor, a Great Field Day will be held on Partridge Island, July 2nd. Meetings all day in a large tent to accommodate 1000. S.S. "Lillie" will run trips every hour. Fare 25 cents.

Camp Meetings. Fredericton, July 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th. Meetings all day. Special attack on Sunday. Brigadier Jacobs and staff of officers will be present. Special fare on the river boats from St. John $1 return.

THE WESTERN PROVINCE.

Major and Mrs. Read, Provincial Secretary, will visit and conduct special meetings at Port Arthur Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Tuesday, June 22nd, 23rd, 24th and 26th; Fort William, Sunday and Monday, June 24th and 25th. Mrs. Read will speak of the Army's foreign work and conduct special Rescue and Holiness meetings, and the Major will speak about the Toronto Congress and the latest developements of Salvation warfare throughout the Dominion.

GREAT CAMP MEETINGS

on the Agricultural Grounds at Portage la Prairie. The dates of these Camp Meetings are as follows: Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 30th, July 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th. Winnipeg Brass Band in attendance. Wonderful gatherings of the S. A. clans. Five cents admission at the gate, by ticket only. Canteen on the grounds. Buy program for further information. Uniform and S.A. literature can be bought on the Camp Grounds. Meetings led by Major and Mrs. Read, assisted by Adjutant Magee, Ensign Rawling, Captains Sheen and Lowry, and a host of other officers and soldiers.

Fierce onslaughts, terrific encounters, desperate battles, cries for mercy, open-air manœuvres, happy marches, war, victory and glory. Major and Mrs. Read (Provincial Secretary) will visit and conduct special meetings at Minnedosa, Wednesday and Thursday, July 11th and 12th; Prince Albert, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th; Moose Jaw, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, July 20th, 21st and 22nd; Calgary, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 24th and 25th; Edmonton Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, July 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th. The Major will be assisted at the Coast meetings by Adjt. and Mrs. Archibald. Vancouver, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, August 3rd, 4th and 5th; New Westminster, Monday and Tuesday, August 6th and 7th; Nanaimo, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 8th, 9th and 10th; Victoria, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, August 11th, 12th and 13th. The Major will bring with him a trunk of Army uniform and literature, and all candidates should make themselves known to either Mrs. Read or the Major. This is important.

BARRIE DISTRICT.

Great Camp Meetings, Big Bay Point, June 29th to July 9th. Excellent hotel accommodation. Special rates to Salvationists. The District and Provincial Staff to the front.

TENTS.

Any person having tents to hire will please communicate, at once, with Brigadier de Barritt, 77 Ulster St. Telephone 2685.

WANTED.—A smart single young man who understands Lake Navigation, and capable of taking charge of a small steam yacht.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Brigadier Scott, corner Queen and Bagot Sts., Kingston, Ont.

MONEY TO LOAN!

Friends having large or small amounts to loan, at low interest, on good security, should write at once to

THE FINANCIAL SECRETARY,
Salvation Temple,
Toronto.

AUTOHARPS.

We have made arrangements with the manufacturers, and are now selling autoharps at the following rates:

						PRICE
No. 1—21 strings,	3 bars,	producing	3	chords	.....	$4 00
" 2—23 "	4 "	"	4	"	.....	5 00
" 2½—23 "	5 "	"	5	"	.....	5 50
" 3—23 "	4 "	"	9	"	.....	11 50
" 4—23 "	5 "	"	11	"	.....	15 00
" 5—23 "	5 "	"	13	"	.....	20 00
" 6—23 "	6 "	"	16	"	.....	27 00

AGAIN IN STOCK.

Owing to a great demand in certain publications, we had recently sold out some new lines in a very short time. We have now again the following publications in stock, which we can supply by return mail:

PETER CARTWRIGHT, the Backwood's Preacher. Cloth, 50 cts.

BILLY BRAY, the King's Son. Cloth, 40 cts.

PERFECT LOVE.—By Rev. J. A. Wood. $1.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.—By Rev. W. Jones. 50 cts.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH, Being the Life of Samuel Hick. Cloth, 50 cts.

PURITY AND MATURITY.—By Rev. J. A. Wood. Cloth, 75 cts.

NINETEEN BEAUTIFUL YEARS.—By Frances E. Willard. Cloth, 90 cts.

READ THESE.

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT.

You Should Wear Regulation Uniform!

The way to get it is to write to the Trade Secretary for samples of Dress Goods and Self-Measurement Forms, and order at once.

Great variety in Serges and Cashmeres.

Try Headquarters!

LOST FRIENDS' COLUMN.

To the Distressed.

The Salvation Army invites parents, relations and friends, in any part of the world, interested in any woman or girl who is known or feared to be living in immorality, or is in danger of coming under the control of immoral persons, to write, stating full particulars, with names, dates and addresses of all concerned, and, if possible, a photograph of the person in whom the interest is taken.

We shall charge 50 cents for two advertisements (25 cents for one) of not more than five lines each. One dollar will be charged for anything above this and not exceeding ten lines. This is necessary to pay expenses of time and printing.

We are prepared to receive inquiries from any person. The *fullest* possible particulars should always be given in correspondence relating to these inquiries so as to avoid delays and expense. The number of the advertisement should in every case be quoted.

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and must be addressed to HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commandant, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on the corner of the envelope.

NOTE.—Don't forget that the sum of fifty cents must be sent with each case before it can be dealt with. This will save much trouble.

Persons making inquiries for lost friends through our Inquiry Department will kindly remember to keep us posted *in the event of changing their address.* This is most important.

1313 **McKinnon, Albert.** Who left his home four years ago, and was last heard of one year ago. He was in New York. He is stout, short, sandy complexion, blue eyes, age 25. Will anyone knowing of his whereabouts please write to his anxious mother, Mrs. McKinnon, Kennedy St., Indiantown, St. John, N.B. American and Foreign Crys please copy.

1414 **Miller, Henry C.** (Cook). Left Winnipeg a few months ago. Supposed to be in British Columbia. Will he please write to his brother-in-law, Charles Coffin, Winnipeg, Man.

1415 **Marbourne, George and Charlotte,** who left Birmingham, England, 1884, from Mr. Middlemore's Home, are very anxious to hear from their mother. When last heard from she was in Birmingham, working at Mr. Fowler's pen factory. English Crys please copy.

THANKS.

The Commissioner desires to gratefully acknowledge the following Gifts and Donations towards the Social Wing:

MONTREAL RESCUE HOME.—Mr. Oxley, 75c.; Marson & Braeun, 25c.; A. C., 107 St. James Street, $1; R. W., 50c.; Mr. Gouchel, $1; M. Colly, $2; Friend, $8.82; May, $1.17; Dr. Stirling, $2; Miss Burland, $2; Mrs. Turns, 25c.; M. Lukes, $25c.; G. T. Benson, $1; Mr. Clark, 25c.; Mr. Dougall, 50c.; Mr. Cooper, $1; Mr. Opsoomer, 50c.; B. & B., 25c.; S. T. Marshall, 25c.; W. Schiaser, 25c.; Charles Bastion, 50c.; Mr. Bentley, 25c.; H. B., 50c.; Friends, 75c.; Mr. White, 50c.; Mr. Lovell, 50c.; Mr. Beddy, 50c.; Mr. Scott, 25c.; Mr. A. Bastion, 25c.; Friends, $1.38; W. A. B., 25c.; Lizzie Barr, 25c.; C. W., 25c.; S. B. H., 25c.; Brennan, 25c.; Cash, 50c.; J. Nelson, $1; R. Rennefret, 50c.; Cash, 25c.; Mr. Smith, 25c.; Friends, fruit, tea, meat, cakes, meat, milk and bread.

ST. JOHN, N.B., RESCUE HOME.—A well wisher $7; Mrs. Jameson, $1; Mrs. Morrell, $1; Mrs. Day, 50c., food; Mrs. Belya, sugar, meat; Mr. Vanwart, meat; a well-wisher; Mrs. Mitchell, cakes; Mr. Lockhart, cakes.

NEW!

Now Ready for Sale.

MEN'S CRIMSON CASHMERE BLOUSES

Made of fine material. Just the thing you want for summer. We make them in three qualities, at

$1.75, $2.00 and $2.25 each.

When ordering send size of neck with order.

You can get a proper and neat dress made at our Dress Department, 12 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont. Order of the Trade Secretary. Samples and Self-Measurement Forms sent free on application.

HAVE YOU READ

"Perfect Love,"

By REV. J. A. WOOD?

It is the book you should read. You can obtain it from the Trade Secretary at $1.00 per copy.

Order Your TRIMMED BONNET Early

To get it in time. Now is the rush. All Prices.

NOW IN STOCK.

New S. A. Watches. Price $9. Waltham movement, dust-proof case, stem-winder, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. Crest engraved on back. Order at once.

OUR Branch Coal and Wood Office is at the corner of Lippincott and Ulster Streets. Prompt and careful attention to all orders.

"The night is mother of the day,
And winter of the spring;
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks;
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loved all His works,
Has left us hope with all."

SONGS FOR ALL MEETINGS.

The Beautiful Home.

BY H. MARRIOTT.

TUNE—*He pardoned a rebel like me.*

My Saviour, my Jesus, has gone to prepare
Such a beautiful place in the sky!
And He says He will come
And lead to that home
Every sinner that's born from on high.

CHORUS.

There, there, I belong to that country up there.

How sweetly their voices shall praise Him up there
For the blessings His hand has bestowed;
They shall shine there so bright
In their robes of pure white,
For they all have been washed in His blood.

And crowns they shall wear of the purest bright gold,
And a wonderful song they shall sing,
And each shall cast down
His own glittering crown,
At the feet of the Heavenly King.

And so happy amid all this bright, joyous throng
Shall many a glad chorus sing—
How happy for me,
Among angels to be,
With the Giver of every good thing.

Tell it to Jesus.

BY W. RITCHIE, KINGSTON.

TUNE—*Tell it to the Lord in prayer.*

Are you lonely and down-hearted?
Are you fighting with despair?
Never, never get discouraged,
Jesus will your sorrow share.

CHORUS.

Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear!
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

Does the tempter sorely try you,
Say you can not follow God?
Do not heed him—Jesus conquered,
And will lead you o'er the road.

Have you hours that have no feeling?
Times that seem as dark as night?
Come with childlike faith to Jesus,
He will bless and make you bright.

While the Saviour's Pleading.

BY BEN BRYAN.

TUNE—*Will you meet me at the fountain.*

Sinner, while the Saviour's pleading,
Listen to His loving call?
While He is so sweetly speaking,
Will thou freely give up all?
He is crying, "Come, then laden,
Come thou weary one to Me."
Listen to His invitation,
Come just now, and be set free.

CHORUS.

Come, oh, come, the Saviour calls thee,
He will wash thy sins away;
Do not spurn His offered mercy,
But His loving call obey.

Do not spurn the grace He offers,
Nor resist His pleading voice;
Blood there is thy sin to pardon,
And to make thy heart rejoice.
All thy sins he will forgive thee,
He will free thy guilty soul;
"Tho' thy sins be red as crimson,
They shall be as white as wool."

Weary one lay down thy burden,
And thy sin at Jesus' feet;
Spurn His offered grace no longer,
But accept that perfect peace.
Which the world can ne'er afford thee,
Jesus is the only way;
At the Cross there still is mercy,
He will save thee, come away.

Wonderful Love.

BY SECRETARY JENNIE ANDERSON, NEWCASTLE, N. B.

TUNE—*We had better hide away.*

The love of Jesus was so great,
He died upon the tree;
The thorns were pressed upon His brow
That we might be set free.
He bore the Cross with all its shame
And bitterest agony;
Oh, sinner, won't you love Him now,
He's done so much for thee?

(Repeat the last two lines.)

He gave His life, poor sinner friend,
Yes, gave up all for thee;
He left His Father's home on high
That we might pardoned be.
And still His love is just the same,
Salvation's full and free;
Oh, sinner, come to Jesus now,
He's pleading earnestly.

That I may love all Thy lost ones to find,
Make my heart clean, make my heart clean,
That I may fight with a soul-saving mind,
Make my heart clean, make my heart clean;
All through my heart let Thy pure blood be shed,
Make me rejoice when through suffering led,
That to the world I may ever be dead,
Make my heart clean, make my heart clean.

Jesus, Come and Dwell with Me.

BY SERGEANT MAY LANG.

TUNE—*From every stain made clean.*

I want Thee, Saviour, dear,
To come and cleanse my heart,
Destroy in me all doubt and fear,
Thy nature, Lord, impart;
Let temper, pride, and self,
Be washed complete away,
Fill me, dear Saviour, with Thy love,
And lead me every day.

Keep me Thy child, dear Lord,
To Thee I would be true,
Thy nature now in me be seen
In all I say or do;
I want all selfish aim
Completely to be gone,
Trusting alone in Thy dear name
I'll live for Thee alone.

Fill me, dear Lord, with love,
Baptize me with Thy power,
Use me in winning for above
Souls out of sin's deep mire;
Give me Thy patience sweet,
Ne'er let me weary grow,
And may I never know defeat,
But always trust below.

'Tis done! I dare Thy word believe,
The promise of Thy grace receive,
For faithful, Lord, Thou art.
Complete deliv'rance Thou dost give—
In fulness Thou hast come to live
Triumphant in my heart!

Canada for the King.

BY J. E. WARD.

TUNE—*Shout aloud salvation.*

The Army always teaches us
To go ahead and win,
The devil over-reaches souls
To drag them into sin;
But God Jehovah strengthens us,
Says "Forward to the fight!"
As we go marching to Beulah.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! Canada for the King,
Hurrah! hurrah! good news is on the wing;
We'll move the chariot faster as we gaily march and sing,
"The year of Jubilee for Jesus!"

The devil's chains are snapped in twain
From many a sinner's vice;
No wonder, then, hell's imps complain,
And say we are not nice.
We care not for the devil's brag,
But rally round the flag,
As we go marching to Beulah.

THE COMMANDANT

Again on the War Path,

ACCOMPANIED BY

BRIGADIERS HOLLAND AND De BARRITT,

Will Conduct Great Meetings as Follows:

ORILLIA—Monday, July 2nd, Marriage of Captain Heift and Lieutenant ——.

BIG BAY POINT—Tuesday, July 3rd, Camp Meetings all day. Special Excursion Steamer will run from Barrie.

COLLINGWOOD—Wednesday, July 4th.

A Happy Event at Brockville!

MARRIAGE

— OF —

ADJUTANT TAYLOR and ENSIGN WILLIAMS

On MONDAY, JULY 2nd, by

MRS. BOOTH.

BRIGADIER SCOTT, MAJOR COMPLIN and other Officers will be present.

The Voyage of Life.

BY A. A. WHITTEKER.

TUNE—*At the Cross, at the Cross, where I first saw the light.*

We are sojourners here, this is not our land,
We are travelling home, to dwell
With the blood-washed throug at God's right hand,
Or with fiends in cavorns of hell.

CHORUS.

Oh, the wail of woe and sad despair
Of a lost and sin-cursed soul;
Not one ray of hope ever lingers there
While eternal ages roll.

Though strong and brave, you must soon face death,
And your courage then will fail:
You will cry to God with latest breath,
But your cry will not avail.

You may now escape from eternal woe
Through the Saviour's precious blood;
All who plunge beneath its crimson flow
Shall for ever dwell with God.

2ND CHORUS.

Oh, the joys untold in those mansions fair
That await the blood-washed soul;
Not a care or sorrow enters there
While eternal ages roll.

Make My Heart Clean.

BY MAJOR PEARSON.

TUNE—*Long, long ago;* or, *Never mind me;* or, *Cleansing for me.*

With purging fire, and with water and blood,
Make my heart clean, make my heart clean!
Make me a follower of all that is good,
Make my heart clean, make my heart clean.
Save me from wrong that my life may be right,
Save me from sin that my robes may be white,
That I before Thee may walk in the light,
Make my heart clean, make my heart clean.

Make me a soldier, transparent and pure,
Make my heart clean, make my heart clean.
That I'm made holy I want to be sure,
Make my heart clean, make my heart clean;
Give me Thy Spirit Thy likeness to show,
Give me a heart that is whiter than snow,
That I may keep feeling the cleansing stream flow,
Make my heart clean, make my heart clean.

Sins, spots of guilt from my conscience remove,
Make my heart clean, make my heart clean,
Clean out the vessel and fill it with love,
Make my heart clean, make my heart clean;
Let all that's carnal in me be destroyed,
Springs of corruption for ever be dried,
That I may know that my sins have all died,
Make my heart clean, make my heart clean.

To the Captive.

BY BEN BRYAN, WOODSTOCK.

TUNE—*Tell it again.*

Sinner, the Saviour is calling for thee,
Long He has waited to give liberty;
Unto thee, captive, bound down by thy sin,
He'll snap the fetters, just now let Him in.

CHORUS.

He'll save thee now, He'll save thee now,
Yes, He His pardon and peace will bestow;
Blessed salvation He waits now to give,
Seek by repentance and He will forgive.

Now is the time, seek the Saviour to-day,
The time for salvation is passing away;
Why not accept His salvation just now?
Thy sins, tho' scarlet, He'll make white as snow.

List to the Saviour as for thee He pleads,
"Come unto Me, I'll supply all thy needs;"
Can'st thou refuse such a Saviour as this?
Can'st thou reject love so tender as His?

I hear thee saying, "I'm coming, dear Lord,
Coming for cleansing in Thy precious blood—
Coming, a sinner, the Saviour to find,
Leaving the work and its pleasures behind."

Hear My Prayer.

TUNE—*Praise,* or, *Come, brethren dear.*

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN M. ALLEN.

Thou great Deliverer, hear my cry!
While struggling, helpless, Lord, I fly
To shelter of Thy love.
From out my darkness, doubt, and fear,
My self-bound soul to Thee draws near,
And dares Thy power to prove.

Thy will shall triumph, Lord, in me,
Thy power shall bring me liberty,
I, even I, shall know
That glorious freedom wrought of grace,
Which brings me nigh to see Thy face,
And walk with Thee below.

Though all the world should fail to show
Thy life of holiness below,
Thou livest still for me!
Jesus, Thy word of truth is plain—
Thy will of love doth yet remain
That I should holy be.

Since hells on earth are fewer now
Than what they used to be;
And by the power of God on earth,
His name shall set men free;
Review the victories of the past,
And you will clearly see
How we are marching to Beulah.

A LESSON FROM JESUS.

BY W. RITCHIE, KINGSTON.

My path for days had been so dark,
The tempter harrased sore;
My fiery spirit tossed within,
And wished the testing o'er.

On every side there seemed to be
Perplexing things to rise,
And when I thought the sun should shine,
Dark clouds are cast the skies.

I asked for help there in the dark,
And Jesus came to me,
But still I wished the day would come,
So I my way could see.

I wished to rest and wait for light,
The Saviour urged me on,
Reluctantly I traced my way
With Jesus all alone.

I could not see a step before,
But felt His hand in mine;
I asked with timid, trembling voice,
"Why does the sun not shine?"

"Thou hast been hasty, child," He said,
"In light thou wouldst not hear,
So in the dark I've come to try
And gain thy hearing ear."

My conscience smote me, it was true,
I failed to trust my God;
With hasty step had rushed along
A self-selected road.

"Forgive," I said, "I've passed the Cross,
So often in the light,
And let me walk beside the Lord,
I know that all is right.

So we together walked along
The pathway of my life,
And precious lessons there I learned
That help me in the strife.

And when the sunlight came again,
I kept my Saviour's hand,
And I will never let it go
Till on the golden strand.